

THE FIELD AFAR



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THE FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY OF AMERICA
— MARYKNOLL —
FRONT ENTRANCE AND WATER-TOWER

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No. II

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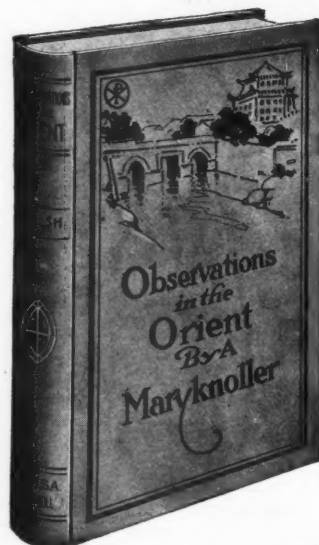
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If you have any spare books on missions, let us send them to our Maryknollers in China, who are anxious to secure a working library on mission topics. They will need up-to-date publications, also, and would welcome a gift for this purpose.

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APPROVED—by the Council of Arch-
bishops, at Washington, April 27, 1911.

AUTHORIZED—by Pope Pius X., at
Rome, June 29, 1911.

OBJECT—to train priests for missions
to the heathen, and to arouse Catho-
lic Americans to a clearer appreci-
ation of their duty towards this need.

OPENING—of Seminary for Philosophy
and Theology, Ossining, N. Y., Sept.
18, 1912.

DECREE OF PRAISE—granted by Rome,
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FIRST PREPARATORY COLLEGE—estab-
lished near Scranton, Pa., Sept. 8,
1913.

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City.

ASSIGNMENT—to first field (*Province
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DEPARTURES OF MISSIONERS—four, Sept.,
1918; three, Sept., 1919; six, Sept.,
1920; twelve, Sept., 1921.

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NOVEMBER—THE MONTH OF THANKS.

Thanksgiving for the blessings of
God—

Faith, Health, Friends, Food, Shel-
ter.

Thanksgiving for the blessings of
Peace—

Home, Love—Industry, Content.

Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest
that He send laborers into those
pagan countries white for the reap-
ers of souls, to bring them the bless-
ings of God, and the blessings of
Peace!

THE Catholic Church is by her
Divine constitution not national
but universal. The words of her
Founder, "Preach the Gospel to
every creature," are not a counsel
but a command. The true Catho-
lic will never say, "What do I
care about China?"

THE propaganda of war in-
flamed millions to "carry on"
and to cheer the soldier on the
battle line. It took ten men be-
hind the lines to maintain one
fighter at the front. Is not the
love of religion sufficient to stir
our faith and generosity to cheer
and sustain those other soldiers
who have left home and kindred to
extend the Kingdom of God?

THE spreading of copies of the
Bible among pagans will have
little effect if their teachers in the
Faith are not, in so far as may be,
copies of Christ and conductors
of His Spirit. Men cannot resist
the force of genuine sacrifice and
detachment. This is why Catholic
priests and sisters have a peculiar
power to make the Master known
and loved in "the field afar."

FREDERICK OZANAM, while
practicing his Faith in the at-
mosphere of infidelity in Paris,
often heard the taunt: "Show us
your works!" This challenge
impelled him to found the great
Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The world judges the Church
largely by its works. The heathen,
too, in foreign lands, often come
to a love of Christ from wit-

nessing the Catholic hospital and
the home for the orphan and the
poor. These institutions must be
supported and their efficiency im-
proved in the mission field, as an
entering wedge to the acceptance
of the Christian creed.

THE reading of a passage of St.
Paul's Epistle to the Romans
was the occasion of the conversion
of St. Augustine; and the pages
of the Lives of the Saints read
by Ignatius of Loyola, while tor-
tured on a bed of pain, snatched
him from the soldier's camp and
made him the founder of the So-
ciety of Jesus. Cannot our school
readers be made more distinctively
Catholic, and our classroom charts
and pictures give more space to
missioners and the white fields
afar where human beings live and
die without a knowledge of the
Gospel? The results of such
reading, and of the impulse of
grace, rest with the Master of the
Vineyard.

WHY did Maryknoll mission-
ers take a mission in South
China?

This question comes up occa-
sionally, and the answer is:
"There was no choice, and Divine
Providence was, as usual, regulat-
ing events." But it is an interesting
and significant fact that the large
majority of Chinese now in the
United States are natives of South
China, and although most of them
come from a section a little east
of our own missions, already con-
tacts have been made and results
obtained.

Can you not vision possibilities
of greater results when our Catho-
lics in the home-land who know
Maryknoll come to realize that the
Chinese here may, later, carry
their regards across the Pacific to
one of our exiles?

THE recent letter of the Jesuit
General to the superior of the
Kiangnan Mission shows a splen-
did spirit of co-operation with the
wishes of the Holy Father, as ex-

pressed in his late encyclical on the Missions.

Fr. Ledochowski states the case clearly: "China must be converted by the Chinese." The work of educating a native clergy is beset with innumerable difficulties—but is it not the same with all works of any importance in the Church?

A genuine, unselfish effort to prepare the Chinese to evangelize themselves will meet with God's blessing, and obstacles will disappear before a determined struggle with the problems entailed.

The whole Catholic world will admire the self-sacrificing spirit of the society or congregation which, after its initiatory work is done in one section, is willing to turn over the ground and begin elsewhere with the same ardor and enthusiasm.

✠ ✠

THE Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has assigned to the Passionist Fathers a mission field in China, comprising the western territory of the Vicariate-Apostolic of North Hunan.

The Passionist Fathers are the latest to enter the vineyard of the foreign missions, but they have by no means been standing idle, waiting for the Master of the Vineyard to hire them. For the last sixty years their work in the mission field in the United States has been constant and strenuous. It was their hope that with increasing numbers the home field could be covered and a surplus be available for foreign mission work. They find, however, that though their number has been doubled within the last ten years, they are still unable to satisfy the ever-increasing demands made upon them for missions and retreats. Feeling that they can wait no longer, they are willing to sacrifice some of their work at home for the sake of the missions abroad.

From among numerous volunteers, a band has been selected and they are now engaged in making proximate preparations for the work. Four of the number found the opportunity recently for a



"O, good Cross! May He Who has redeemed me through Thee, receive me through Thee!"—St. Andrew.

day's excursion to the Knoll, and we were happy to greet them—Father Celestine, Superior of the group, and Fathers Agatho, Cuthbert, and Raphael. We consider their visit a blessing to Maryknoll, and we welcome the day that will see Passionists and Maryknoll Fathers combining forces on the mission field to extend the Kingdom of God in the hearts of pagan men.

✠ ✠

"PEACE, peace, and there is no peace."

The League of Nations failed before it started, because the congress that was to maintain peace opened with a deliberate omission of prayer or any other recognition of dependence on the Prince of Peace. But one power can chain men's passions in a union of peace—the love or the fear of God. If "a nation without religion is like a ship without a rudder," it will be at least interesting, though depressing, to witness the outcome of purely human efforts to abolish war, to steer without collision a fleet of ships-of-state.

The Disarmament Conference

begins in Washington on November 11. Though we hope for great things from it, our hope has but the shadow of a foundation—the prayer that Christ be not ignored. We confess to the keenest interest in the attitude and policy of Japan. If even in so-called Christian countries brotherly love is limited to patriotism and does not trespass the borders of a nation, shall we expect any other consideration than national expediency to enter the mind of Japan? Men of Christ—"Christians"—must learn more deeply in their hearts that the query, "Lord, who is my neighbor?" bears the answer that astonished the Jews: "And he was a Samaritan."

✠ ✠

FATHER CUNNINGHAM, C.

S. C., in a recent *America*, discussing "The Fundamental Function of the Catholic College," distinguishes it from all others by its "distinct philosophy of life, what the Germans call a *Weltanschauung*—a world-view." This should be the special feature of Catholic higher education and especially is it necessary in the treatment of history.

History, whether it be general or the history of the arts and sciences, if studied apart from the Catholic Church, lacks an essential element. Yet history from a Catholic viewpoint is incomplete, unless the influence of the Church as a missionary body is taken into consideration.

Hitherto this important factor in the world's development—the apostolic role of the Catholic Church—has been much neglected even in our American Catholic colleges, nay, even in our seminaries. A vague impression that St. Francis Xavier converted thousands in the East, and that somehow since his time Europe has always sent forth missionaries, sums up the knowledge of the average Catholic student; and it is the exceptional graduate who knows the effect of the missionary activities of the early Fathers, of the sons of St. Benedict, and of

W H Y N O T F O R T H E F I E L D A F A R ?

the friars of the Middle Ages,—even in general outline.

Happily our colleges today are taking preliminary steps towards a fuller treatment of the Church Apostolic, and the encouragement given the Students' Mission Crusade will bear fruit in a more sympathetic development of this phase of education.

It might well be taken as an axiom that as history to be true must be viewed in relation with the Church, and as the Church is essentially a missionary organization, so a study of the missionary activities of the Church is essential to a right understanding of history and has thus a legitimate place in our college curricula.

* *

WEALTH, says St. Thomas Aquinas, produces three evils: worry, worldliness, and pride. Money is a blessing when the owner curbs artificial needs and realizes that he is a debtor to the less fortunate. *Noblesse oblige*. The Church defends the right of private property, but not the pagan view that property rights have no limits or obligations.

Gratitude is a great natural virtue. The Knights of Columbus have agreed to spend a million dollars for educational work among the youth of Rome. They consider this a small return for Italy's gift of Christopher Columbus to mankind and primarily to us of this land of opportunity.

The American Church is the most flourishing in the world. Do we remember that its foundations were laid by missionaries and means from other lands? "It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive," says the Master. As our fathers were kept in the Faith by stranger-priests from across the Atlantic, let us share our treasure in carrying to those other strangers beyond the Pacific that Faith for which they so hungrily appeal. Does our subsequent inaction belie our sincerity in praying, "Thy Kingdom come—on earth?"

* *

THE FIELD AFAR PROVIDES A CLIENTELE

Odds and Ends.

KEEP your eyes on the Chinese in America. You can perhaps do them a service and help the development of our work abroad.

The *St. Francis Xavier Mission Circle*, of Holy Redeemer Church, Rochester, N. Y., has issued a very creditable report for the past year—itemizing Mass outfits, clothing, and other gifts sent to needy foreign missionaries and their charges. The report remarks a total of \$5,400 sent to the missions during the past four years. The directors and members of this zealous Circle are to be commended for their splendid cooperation with apostolic workers in heathen lands. May they remain faithful to the high standard they have set for themselves!

"Nazareth Hall" is the attractive title of the new preparatory seminary of the St. Paul Archdiocese. A preliminary sketch which has come to our attention reveals a building of beautiful lines, yet monastic in its rugged simplicity. The style is the Spanish Renaissance. Particularly impressive is the view of the cloister and tower.

The erection of such a structure will be a credit to the Archdiocese. To assist in its building is a duty of the Catholics of the Archdiocese, affording them not only an opportunity of thanksgiving for the blessing of the Faith, but a share as well in the precious spiritual fruits of the institution. Those who cooperate in the training of priests have a great part in the merit of their priestly work.

COBBLESTONES FOR THE FIELD AFAR.

Under the above title a religious-order priest, who for years has given missions and retreats in this country, writes:

There are 20,000 priests and 113 seminaries in the United States. In ten years the question will be asked—"What shall we do with all the

We are very thankful to the many subscribers who, during this Tenth Anniversary year, have by their spoken word made their friends ours also.

priests?" But the question will be put by those who do not realize that we will need all and more to stop the leakage.

And leakage there is; and the cause is, I believe, PAROCHIALISM.

Great and rich parishes should now sponsor poorer parishes. God says: "Convert the world—send forth the blood of Faith to the weaker parts—and to the extremities, and the whole body will improve."

Thank God for the change that is coming! The Colossus, Parochialism, is losing ground. America is lining up in response to the Call of the Vicar of Christ. Maryknoll is doing its big share. Congratulation on its Tenth!

A kindly and venerable Dominican Father wrote as follows to Fr. Walsh before he left for Asia:

Your work has been blessed beyond expression and it is but the beginning, since you have reached only the tenth anniversary of your foundation. The past vouches for the future. You have had your large share of difficulties to overcome, no doubt, but what a rousing success you have achieved! Once more I congratulate you.

They have been talking a great deal about the future of Catholic religion in America. It proved safe the very day it was bound up with the development of foreign missions. In the main, it is the precept of the love of our neighbor applied to the salvation of souls in pagan lands.

I notice that religious communities are more or less fervent and prosperous in as much as they are devoted to foreign missions, and I feel inclined to think the same in regard to the progress of the Church in a particular country, even if the priests are few, because it is the privilege of charity to get all the richer for what it gives away.

The following letter reached us after the departure of Maryknoll's Superior for China. We presume the permission of the writer and the *writee* for its appearance:

At Sea,

Sept. 10, 1921.

1,500 miles out.

Reverend and dear Father Walsh:

You perhaps wonder who in the world can be writing to you from the mid-Pacific. Well, it is a little story in itself. Would you like to hear it?

"Once upon a time," quite a number of years ago, in the town of Merrimac, Mass., a "new priest" came from Boston, one day, to establish the "Propagation of the Faith" in a little parish, Church of the Nativity. As the "new priest" spoke so interestingly and yet so simply of far-off pagan lands, of children who die without baptism, of missionaries who leave all for Christ, a boy was listening very attentively . . . and God was beginning to fill his soul with a longing love for the *fields afar*.

Of course the new priest was yourself, dear Fr. Walsh. The "boy" is now enroute for Oceania whither his Very Reverend Superior General is sending him.

But that was not all the "new priest" had to do (in the plan of Divine Providence) for the missionary calling of the boy. Along toward the age of fourteen, when he "didn't know just what to do," your splendid book, THEOPHANE VENARD, came into his hands and settled the whole question. Brighter than ever the mission star gleamed in his life, and then and there he took the resolve to be a priest, God willing, and a missionary.

You can realize then why I am writing this letter. If I am sailing today towards my mission field and tasting the peace and joy of those to whom it is given to leave all for Him; if tomorrow it is given me to save souls for Christ and to spread our blessed Faith "*ad Insulas longe qui non audierunt de me*," it is in some measure due to you, one of the first links in that golden chain of graces that have led me to Christ's altar and His mission fields. May God bless you and your great work: Maryknoll here and abroad; The Venard; and in a special way that cheerful, ever zealous little missionary—THE FIELD AFAR.

It was my fond hope to stop over at Maryknoll to ask your blessing. Circumstances prevented. May I ask you, Father, that when praying for your sons in Maryknoll-in-China you will sometimes add a "wee word" for a missionary in Oceania?

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness—

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your life-time.

Send for our Annuity leaflet.

Recollections of Father Price.

By Rev. W. B. Hannon, Buckfast Abbey, England.

WHEN I first met Father Price I found myself in the presence of a middle-aged secular priest, with nothing to distinguish him from any other missionary, save a certain indefinable air that marked him out as a very spiritual character.

He was strongly, almost ruggedly, built, with a plain but pleasing

we read the life of the saintly Cure D'Ars, we will understand, and Father Price was the counterpart of the humble French saint in many ways. His extreme detachment from the world and his love of God and souls were made the basis of a whisper that he was aiming to assert his power and subjugate others. He was not unaware of this criticism, which would have annoyed others but which passed over him as something foreign to his purpose. "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*" was his inspiration. He met opposition in



HAPPY VALLEY CEMETERY IN HONGKONG.
Where Father Price is buried.

caste of countenance, and an engrossed manner as if the many temporal interests that he had to look to were trying to oust the predominant spirituality of the man. Humility seemed to be quite natural to him, and he never thought of self. He was as devoid of self-interest as St. Bernard. Nevertheless, he appeared so human as to hide his sanctity. I often noticed this with edification when I became better and more intimately acquainted with him. His charity to friend and foe was admirable.

One may ask how was it possible that such a holy priest could have enemies or even critics. If

all directions, and from those even whom he lifted out of the gutter, but it did not make him lose confidence in God or human nature. He knew that the Divine Master whom he served permitted trials to His poor servants, and when his institution was burned down and he lost all, he praised God like holy Job. Later when he saw the end of his strivings in North Carolina, the same spirit came to his aid.

It was a curious sight that met my eyes when I first entered the refectory of the poor little Orphanage, where the community dined with the waifs collected by

OF NEARLY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

the good Superior from the hamlets and woods of North Carolina. The poor home of the Holy Family at Nazareth was a picture of its poverty.

He had a band of young men studying for the priesthood, and, with the laborers on the large farm and the orphans, they constituted quite a host to feed in the most Protestant state of America, where friends were few. The fare was rough and plain, but it was a problem oftentimes to keep the wolf from the door, with not a dollar in the exchequer. Those who knew the situation wondered how it was done. If Divine Providence did not come to the rescue, as in the case of the Cure D'Ars and other saints, still He often miraculously sent monetary assistance when all seemed lost and nothing could save the situation.

The Superior sat at the head of the table and was surrounded by the aspirants to the apostolate. Religious reading was the order, except when a stranger was present and hospitality demanded a relaxation. The surroundings were as poor as those of his later days in China. North Carolina had long prepared him for every hardship. He gave what he had, and made up for the deficiency by Southern courtesy. Oftentimes the heated room, heavy with the odor of food and the presence of the poor children, was full of flies, and it was a hard proposition to get at the food on the bare table without raising a cloud of insects attacking it. Still it never generated any sickness, as advanced medical science asserts, and the only drawback was the lack of food to satisfy. Why not have things different, sighs the critic, but the answer is that it could not well be otherwise.

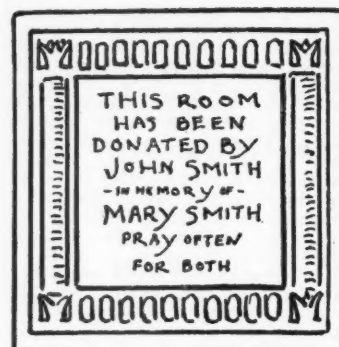
When not engaged in conversation, Father Price seemed perfectly unconscious of what he ate. He reached out his hand and took corn bread, potatoes, or anything else within reach. He was dead to the gratification of the senses. No guest could find cause to com-

plain, even interiorly, when looking at such a mortified man. It was a good lesson for any who hungered after the flesh-pots of Egypt. "Not on bread alone doth man live." Father Price, although raised in a good Southern family where stint was unknown, could live like a prince, as he used to say, on plain corn bread and poor coffee.

The bigots could not see in him anything of the pampered priest of their heated imaginations. He could sleep on any kind of bed, coiled up in rags, or even on the bare floor. I have seen his hermit-like room at Nazareth, unplastered and unkempt, with books and papers in all directions, with only a blanket between him and the metal bars of his bedstead. His bedroom was a replica of an ancient hermitage.

He called me once in a hurry to hear his edifying confession, and just as I had given him absolution and he was about to playfully put me out of the room, a sudden call came by telephone, and he had to rush to answer it. I hurriedly took in the surroundings of the cell-like room, and pulled the blanket off where he slept, as it looked devoid of mattress. I then saw that he slept on the bars, which must have pained his side and ribs. He evidently recollected that he left me behind him in the room and rushed impetuously back. I banteringly told him that he should be ashamed to do such violence to his flesh, and he replied that I should not have satisfied my curiosity by uncovering the bed. He demanded silence on the subject, which I now break. I realized that we have not passed the days of great saints even in this worldly age, and felt a hope for the conversion of pitiful men when choice souls like the poor missionary of North Carolina prayed and suffered for them.

Yet there was nothing Puritanic or gloomy about his religion and spirit. He could see the ridiculous or absurd and enjoy a joke like



Have you dedicated a Room in our new Seminary? Five hundred dollars will do it.

Each room will bear a memorial tablet on its door.

anyone else. He had a fund of quaint missionary stories, and could depict the grave and gay of his Southern compatriots as very few others could. His negro stories were amusing and true to life. He understood Southern religious prejudices and limitations better than any other priest in America, and was respected by the most crude backwoodsmen as well as by the better class, although they had otherwise no use for anything Catholic. He respected their prejudices and never grew weary of their absurdities.

His language was grave and had nothing dramatic about it, but it touched the thought of others, and his simple and poor life flashed on his hearers. It was often asserted by backwoods congregations that *Priest Price* verily believed what he preached. There was nothing of the fashionable preacher about him. In fact, he was as careless of his dress and make-up as any *Uncle Abe* from a remote farm in his own beloved Southland. He had the unmethodical way of many of the saints, but no one save the fastidious ever complained of his neglected wardrobe. If his priests were curious to know how far he kept up union with God they had only to leave their beds at four or five a. m., and find him on his knees wrapped in meditation. Summer and

winter, torrid weather or freezing, mattered not to good Father Price.

I was interested and edified to learn that he prayed and meditated on the junks and wherever he went in China, as he did in the old times, when cast in strange plights in his native South. The blessed spirit of prayer grew more intense as the years passed over him, and neither sickness nor any other impediment intervened to curtail this essential priestly duty. How fine it is to learn through the young confreres of his later years that even the heathen Chinese, who could not understand his language, were edified by his prayerful and holy exterior! Well may the young Society thank God for even the mere presence of Father Price in China. No doubt his fair but unconverted Southland, as well as the adopted vineyard of China, will benefit by his prayers in eternity, and the dews of heaven will fall on the two parched spheres of his earnest labors in the coming years and in God's good time.

The life of Father Price is a poem full of tender pathos and suggestiveness for priests and people. Life in the Carolinas until mature years, and then the brief space in China, spoke of God and labor for souls, and will impart to priests yet unborn, courage and hope to do and dare for Christ like this Southern priest.

I have spoken, I know well, of things in which I have no skill to portray this holy priest, and the only value that such thoughts can have is to put his lesson of God's Providence before us more insistently—"Casting all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you."

His priestly life, although cast in drab surroundings, was athirst for all that was noble and beautiful, namely: to rescue youth from sin, ignorance and gaunt penury; to aid poor but deserving young men, for whom the average seminary door was closed, to realize their sacerdotal vocation; to



A CORNER OF THE ORIENT THAT FATHER PRICE LOVED.

preach the gospel to the most abandoned and gain no earthly recognition in such an apostolate; to spread the knowledge of Catholicity and dissipate ignorance and prejudice by a well written but low-cost press. He could not have begun work in a more disappointing part of the Church than in North Carolina, but that did not cause him to float feebly upon the will of God like a branch that spins around in a whirlpool. He had abundance of causes to be weary and sad oftentimes, but he shared these experiences, as well as his joys, with God. Only to watch him saying Mass in the mission chapels, or at the little Bethlehem at Nazareth, was to feel how near God was to him, and to make the spectator conscious of his own want of such lively faith.

He was full of tenderness and loving kindness for all the frail beings of the world. He was understood by the poor little dregs of humanity, whom he collected in the Orphanage, and never asked how they came into the world, but received them no matter to what religion they owed obedience. He thought only of the beautiful saying of Christ, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." It required heroic charity for his own sister, and the other few Sisters of Mercy, to clean and give these little ones the rudiments of education. On their entrance they were often in a state which beggars de-

scription. If a child was found on the threshold of the Orphanage, Father Price asked no questions, but received it, so that its soul and body would be saved, like another St. Vincent de Paul. When an abandoned baby was brought to the Institution, the Sisters made all kinds of makeshifts to keep it, although there was hardly convenience for the grown children.

Dom Bosco would have delighted at the spirit of Father Price's Orphanage for Boys, but even the saintly head of the Salesians had had his lot cast in more propitious surroundings than in the "Old North State," so alien in spirit to everything Catholic.

However, the most rigorous Protestants in the near-by city admired Father Price's truly Catholic charity, and became his sincere friends. In their supersensitive suspicion of Catholic proselytism they never could connect Father Price with such a scheme.

Now that he has passed away in a foreign, heathen land, Father Price's memory will remain like a patient witness of God as the hot summer sun beams down on the uplands at Nazareth and the winter's wind circles around the little cemetery near the church where he expected one day that his weary body would be laid. God had other designs, and his grave in China will be more effective than in a little corner of North Carolina.

BY HALF A MILLION INTELLIGENT CATHOLICS.

From the Mission Procurator.

Fr. Cairns.



FR. MEYER continued his shopping, which he has not yet finished; the store-keepers must like him, as he uses their time and gives them his money. At a Chinese hotel, he visited the catechists whom he is taking with him to the missions.

The Chinese carpenter carved a Chi-Rho in a wood-block, set it in the front of our altar, painted and varnished it, for \$2.50 H. K. (\$1.25 U. S. money).

Fr. Meyer had his last look at the Chinese stores, and was so captivated that he stayed in Hongkong all day, dining at the Missions Etrangères Procure.

Fr. O'Shea doesn't want to leave the Procure, as he can get here something better than prohibition-country products,—Hongkong Ginger Beer, a non-intoxicating beverage with a "kick." We think a nickel a bottle isn't much, and for a man who never drinks water in China it's worth the cost to see him drinking something else besides tea.

Fr. Cairns preached twice at Kowloon parish church. Fr. McShane and Fr. Vogel said Mass at the Procure.

Ah Far, our boy, has trouble with his right eye which he cannot use these past few days. We sent him to the hospital for examination, and while he was there we bought him a new suit of Chinese clothes which we presented him as a gift, and as an improvement in his appearance. You may wonder at the procurator squandering our mission money, but we hasten to add that the suit was simply-tailored, and cost, in the coin of U. S., \$1.35.

We politely dispensed with the service of one boy, and engaged another. Ah Far, who was near (he of the new suit), went away looking better than when he came; and was replaced by a thin boy, Ah Fat.

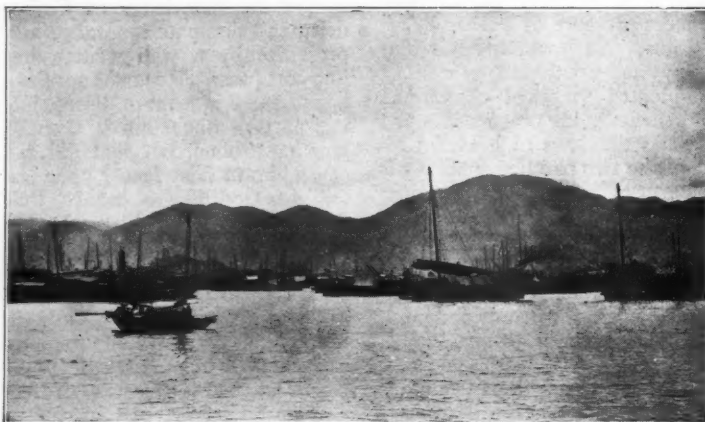
Helped the new boy to clean house, and directed him in his new duties,

Moved some books into a large sectional bookcase having eight shelves, and eight glass doors. This teak-wood piece of furniture we picked up at an auction for six American dollars. It would cost at least sixty, possibly one hundred, in the States. Furniture is more reasonable on this side of the Pacific because of the cheaper labor.

The *S. S. Kleist*, in which Archbishop Mannix arrived, came in three hours ahead of schedule, resulting in there being no one at the dock to meet His Grace. Bishop Foley, looking for the Cathedral, went to the opposite end of the city and landed at St. Paul's Convent and Hospital. The sisters thought he was the Archbishop, so told Bishop Pozzoni over the telephone.

early arrival of the boat in the morning that the dinner at the Cathedral rectory was about an hour late, for in China even Europeans sometimes lose their punctuality. The three Maryknollers had been invited, and one of them, Fr. Vogel, was fortunately placed beside a missionary who speaks neither Italian nor English, and they carried on a long conversation in German. This priest was on board the *Kleist*, and since the war he is the first German missionary whom we have met on the way to his mission.

Our Tenth anniversary was celebrated quietly by the three of us at our Hongkong home. A slight addition to the menu, and the returning of our thoughts across the Pacific's wide ex-



THE HARBOR OF KOWLOON.

Bishop Pozzoni, who had missed His Grace at the boat, hired an auto and rushed to St. Paul's, and in the meanwhile the Archbishop was in Hongkong Harbor awaiting a welcome face. After an hour's delay, the Australian prelate was conducted to the Hongkong Cathedral, where Father Procurator, who had also failed to be at the boat, was recognized by Archbishop Mannix as the Maryknoller who traveled with him from San Francisco to Los Angeles last summer.

At six in the evening, at Hongkong Cathedral, Frs. McShane, Vogel and Cairns listened to the Archbishop's excellent sermon on the China missions of the English-speaking races.

Possibly it was to make up for the

panse, were the only things that marked our decade day. We thought we could honor Maryknoll best by working hard, so that's what we did.

Banque Industrielle de Chine suspended payment, and we were caught, as we deposited \$1100 U. S. currency for Mass intentions only yesterday. We also have a few outstanding drafts. We can ill afford to lose anything, but it might have been a great deal worse.

The Rock, Hongkong's Catholic monthly, printed an account of the Maryknoll Sisters, copied from their booklet.

Fr. Procurator said Mass and preached at the Kowloon parish church. We

SEND FOR A MARYKNOLL STONE CARD.



HONGKONG FROM THE FRENCH PROCURE.

had "indoor sports" trying to find out over the telephone the result of the Dempsey-Carpentier bout. Fr. McShane called every available place, but there seems to be no such thing in Hongkong as giving news over the phone.

There was an incipient typhoon in the harbor, and on account of the rough waters we had to hire a large steam launch to unload a precious cargo of altar wine. We have stored the four barrels in a "go-down" in bond, because otherwise we would be charged 100% duty. From the go-down we can ship directly to the missions as needed, and will not be charged duty. The ferries are running, however, and Fr. McShane experienced no difficulty in getting across to the Tang Ming, which will take him up the West River towards Wuchow. We opened a large box of goodies from *Mater Christi Circle* and took out a fruit cake and some candy for Fr. McShane's four-days' trip. Father "Prock" also attended to having a folding cot-bed delivered to the boat. These articles of comfort are becoming popular with our traveling missionaries.

Twenty American Jesuit Fathers and Scholastics, including Holy Cross classmates and former professors of the writer, arrived in Shanghai on the way to the Philippines. The American Jesuits expect to have one hundred missionaries in the Philippines within a year; and possibly two hundred before the end of two years.

We wrote to Manila for a retreat-master, and are hoping to secure the services of Fr. Lynch, whom we met in H. K. several months ago. This Redemptorist has a warm spot in his heart

for Maryknoll and its apostolic work.

A bank flurry caused some excitement today. One institution paid out to depositors \$600,000. Our few funds are with the Asia Banking Co., an American institution, and there was a "run" on this bank in Shanghai last week. Coming after the *Banque Industrielle* smash, we thought it safer to withdraw a part of the mission fund entrusted to us and deposit it in several institutions.

The Christian Brothers did some mimeograph work for us, but would not give us a bill; they want only an occasional prayer.

Purchased Cantonese language books for the Maryknoll Sisters; we anticipate a busy time in the fall and are making ready now.

Francis Chow came to the Procure on his afternoon off and did some typing for us. After supper we called with

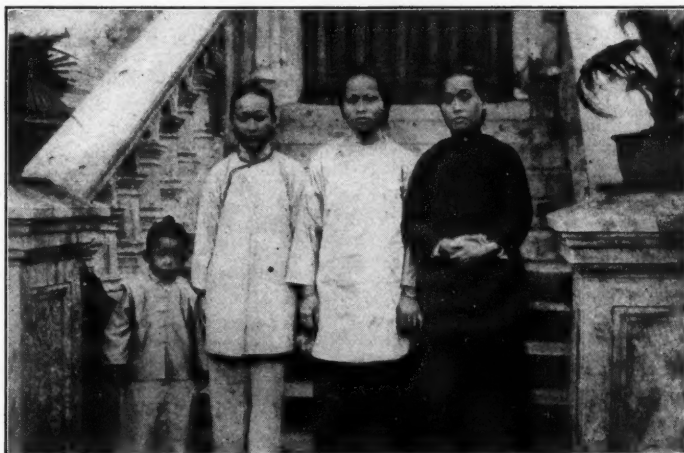
Keep the Catechist Funds moving! Your Holy Name Society can fit nicely into mission work. Hire a catechist and get in touch with the Maryknoller who will use him.

him and introduced him to our friends of Liggett and Meyer's Tobacco Co., who live not far from here. Francis is a stenographer in "His Majesty's Dock Yard" office, and wishes to better himself. Our tobacco friends hired the lad and he will have a better chance to progress more rapidly.

Ah Che Young, our "boy," is a marvel, for without help he does all the work of the house, cooking, dishwashing, floorwashing, chamberlain duties; is our sacristan, seamster, waiter, food-purchasing agent, and general utility man. Do you wonder that we have raised his pay from four to thirteen Hongkong dollars a month? I don't believe we could find a boy for the same price in America (\$6.50 U. S. currency), nor for ten times the amount—he's a jewel.

Prepared five baskets for the new missionaries, putting in their language books and other necessities. Added the sixth for Brother Albert, the first Maryknoll Brother, who will be a very welcome addition to our ranks on this side of the Pacific.

The Maryknollers of Wuchow and Hongkong met in battle on the tennis court. We, who are gaining weight, do not allow the hot weather to interfere



CATHOLIC CHINESE SCHOOL TEACHERS OF KOWLOON.

SEND FOR A VENARD BRICK CARD.

with the exercise which keeps a man thin. We seldom have anyone to play with so now we are taking advantage of an opportunity.

Fr. Wiseman, with his cassock in his basket, and in white from canvas shoes to helmet, arrived for a visit. Frs. Dietz and Wiseman went for an evening swim in the ocean.

An advertisement for a Chinese professor brought some interesting replies to Maryknoll-in-Hongkong. Here are a few:

I shall be glad to work for you at a moderate salary, *subject to increase.*
—Lau.

I have studied Chinese for several years, and can speak Cantonese just as good, *if not better, as any Chinese gentleman.*
—Mo.

I has received nine years education in Chinese and five years in English. My father, *one of the famous teachers at Canton*, taught me to write Chinese literature when I quick young.
—Chung.

I am surely to say that I have good experience of Cantonese. It is great difference to another district's language. Because there are many person who is not proper pronunciation of Cantonese in Hongkong. If you trust what I propose to you, you will see my abilities in time.
—Hau.

I shall be glad to know whether you are prepared to learn Chinese *on a salary basis.* I have very good methods in coaching foreigners with the Cantonese language. Kindly let me know the time, preferably after 6 p. m., *what salary (if any) you will pay.*
—Chack.

WHEN YOU GIVE TO THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS

You lend to God.
Your life goes out to others while
It grows fuller and stronger.
When you shall have lived your little
day
Your act will continue to live
And to merit for you,
Should you then need merit.
Work with Almighty God
"While it is still day,
For the night cometh
When no man can work."

Over a thousand Masses are offered yearly for our Associate Members, living or dead. Every subscriber to The Field Afar becomes a member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

A Missioner's Journey.

By Fr. Meyer.



ACROSS THE RICEFIELDS TO KOCHOW.

WE passed a wayside shrine where a "medium" lay on his back on an altar, answering the questions of one or two men and a number of women who were gathered around. I understand that these "mediums" are practically all charlatans who are gifted with a ready tongue and have learned a number of verses that might apply to almost anything under the sun. They remind one of the oracles of the ancient Greeks.

At a resting place had an argument with a young Confucian student who was very frankly an atheist. He was firm in the belief that the soul has no existence after death, though the reasons he gave were a hodge-podge of inconsistencies. He claimed to be a follower of Confucius, but, as a matter of fact, his doctrines were those of one of the later rationalists, who by explaining away certain troublesome sayings of Confucius, attempt to make him the founder of their cult. It is nowhere recorded that Confucius denied the existence of the supernatural. When asked about the nature of heaven he evaded the question by replying, "Why speculate on the ways of heaven when you do not yet understand how to act on earth?" If Confucius could only come to life and hear all the mutually contradictory doctrines that are taught in his name and claim to rest on his authority!

We reached Loting in due time after nothing more exciting than spending two nights in a plague-stricken market, where a great impression on Christian and pagan alike has been made by the fact that, while large numbers have died there, some even in the neighboring house, the chapel has been untouched. We tried for four hours to keep our feet on a red mud path that might be compared in slipperiness to an ice pond set at an angle of thirty degrees, but we arrived finally at Loting, where we found two busy men.

Fr. McKenna, with his English-speaking professor as interpreter, has been hunting-out the babies that were in danger of death and posing as something of an authority on infantile ailments. His usual procedure seems, when all else fails, to be washing the infant's forehead. I fear his reputation as a *medico* will suffer, but meanwhile he is slipping a lot of souls into Paradise. Fr. McShane has designs on the public orphanage and the home for the blind, but by going about it in a quiet way so as not to arouse mistrust and misinterpretation of motive, bids fair to secure the hearty co-operation of the persons whose good-will will mean much for the success of his undertaking.

High water made our trip to the West River a rapid one, and by noon of the day after leaving Loting we were

SEND FOR MARYKNOLL-ATTENTION-TODAY—

at Wuchow, whither Frs. Ford and Vogel had preceded us. The meeting was soon ended, but we had to wait several days for a suitable boat, Fr. Walsh accompanying us on account of business in Hongkong. Our Procure in the latter place boasts, besides the chapel and refectory, two rooms, but with two beds in a room and three cots on the veranda we managed to sleep very comfortably.

Necessary purchases were soon made and we took the night boat to Canton, whither Frs. Ford and Vogel had preceded us to pick up Fr., now Bishop-elect, Gauthier, who was to preach a retreat at Yeungkong to the catechists. We arrived to find that they had been unable to leave, as all boats had been commandeered to carry soldiers to Shuitung and Pakhoi. Shuitung sounded good to us because that is our port of entry, but it was another thing to get onto one of those crowded boats together with two women catechists and a professor. Finally, Frs. Gauthier, Ford and Vogel took the night boat to Kongmoon, hoping that possibly one or

more of the Yeungkong junks were coming only as far as Kongmoon in order to avoid being taken by the soldiers of Canton. We learned later, however, that such was not the case and that they had to make the trip to Yeungkong by way of the interior, partly by small boat and partly by chair.

Failing to get any definite information as to when we might hope to get to Shuitung on a boat that would possibly be switched off to Pakhoi before it had gone half-way, we retraced our steps to Hongkong, where the French mail boat for Tongking runs faithfully on a two-weeks schedule. The only incident of the trip to Kwangchowwan was our being "robbed" for the French visé on our passport and for the fare. The former was \$8.33 and the latter \$30, Hongkong money.

Fr. Cellard at Kwangchowwan had his house brought down about his ears by a typhoon two years ago, but has not been able until now to gather sufficient funds to begin work on a new one. The plans call for a building that can be added to in case the place be-

If any friend desires to meet the expense, for one year, of training a young apostle, the gift of two hundred and fifty dollars will meet this purpose, and the student selected will gladly remember the spiritual needs of his benefactors.

comes the center for the new Vicariate of the West, which is not at all unlikely.

KEEP STILL! HERE'S THE LATEST RECIPE!

I must here tell of a discovery which made us feel repaid for all our troubles and bless the French nation in general; which may, in fact, mark an epoch in the Maryknoll Mission. It was a discovery of "Cellardine"—but horrors! 'tis a "home brew!" But it has, I assure you, no more kick than a day-old foal and incomparably less potentiality. It seems originally to have been made by French Sisters in Tongking whence it came to Hainan Island. It was Fr. Cellard who brought it into this region, hence the name that has been given it by his confreres. It bubbles like champagne and is very refresh-



FR. DONOVAN AND HIS CONGREGATION AT TUNGCHAN.

Y O U W I L L L I K E T O R E A D I T .

ing. Here is the recipe: To 100 litres of water add 16 English pounds of white sugar and 1 litre of good vinegar. Then take 60 grams licorice root, 60 grams ginger root, and 20 grams root of yellow gentian, cutting them all up fine and suspending in a bag in the water. Stir twice daily for three days and bottle. Tie down the corks and on the second day lay the bottles on their sides. It may be used in two weeks but is better after a month.

Our unusually quick trip up the river to Kochow, and the events that followed our arrival there, have already been sufficiently described in the Kochow diary. I was finally able to finish the much interrupted retreat to the catechists, and on Independence Day bade adieu to Kochow. I was not molested in the least enroute and arrived the next day at Tungchan to find everyone, soldiers and civilians, just getting over a great scare. Fr. Donovan seems to have been the only one not frightened.

It is reported about like this: the soldiers are afraid of being shot, so the officers are afraid the soldiers will not be dependable, as they are mostly mercenaries and have more than once proven beyond a doubt that they may be depended upon—to go over to the other side if it looks safer; while the civilians fear all the soldiers, of whatever side. Hence it was the generals of the army in Tungchan called on Fr. Donovan to arrange in advance against possible eventualities, while as soon as the soldiers began to come into Tungchan in their retreat from Sunyi the civilians fled precipitately over the hills in every direction, dragging, driving, and carrying their most precious belongings, pigs, cattle, chickens and household utensils.

To us this is laughable but for them it is a serious business. There is little discipline among the soldiers; in fact, I suspect they are often encouraged to forage, for the more they can pick up in this way the more contented they will be and the more popular the leader who has led them into such "green pastures." This is true even of those whose business it is to defend the Province, while the excesses of the Kwangsi soldiers have been unbelievable. Here in Tungchan the Kwangtung sol-

diers—mostly men from other provinces, however—broke into most of the stores and houses, though it must be said to the credit of their commanders that four were shot for stealing.

At present things are still far from normal, as there is a fear that the tide of battle may again be turned in this direction. Fortunately it receded from this valley just in time to allow the people to cut their rice, which, had the disturbance continued two weeks longer, would have been largely lost.



THY KINGDOM COME!

THE VOICE OF THE EAST.

THE voice of the East first greets you on the ocean steamer's deck; the myriad of cries from humans, beasts and bumping sampans; the shouts of ferryman and beggar; the squeal of pigs and squawk of geese; the rasping of a native violin and screech of high-strung songs; the clang of timbals and gong that unite in pagan worship.

But above it all you hear a wee, small voice that whispers: "Going, teach all nations." And louder still, as the thunder of a mighty ocean, can be heard, if one would hear, the agonizing cry of a thousand million souls that know not God.

And the Guardian Angels of the East, whose eager ears are listening, can hear an echo from Western lands, three hundred million times repeated, of the simple prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come." The prayer is answered in some distant chapel as the missionary admits another pagan into the True Fold. —F. X. F., China.

Why not get the Holy Name Society to maintain a Maryknoll catechist?

Wuchow Chronicle.

By Fr. James E. Walsh.

WE marked with a red letter the day which brought the news that Fr. Gauthier has been named Bishop of the new vicariate in Western Kwangtung. He has been our Lafayette. Right from the start he has done all he could to guide and help us; the American Mission has not a better friend in China. We tried to send him a telegram of congratulations but found the soldiers had clipped the wires.

Sunday brought out our usual congregation, and also three pagan girls who asked to be received into the Church. We are meeting with a few signs of interest since we started running a quasi-hotel here during the siege.

We have sent to Canton for two catechists, a man and his wife, who will instruct our neophytes and do what they can towards attracting others. To do this we are forced to rent a house in the town, as our present compound is too small. Wuchow is a crowded little city, and it looks as if there is nothing to be had, but the catechumens seem very anxious to have teachers, and they are all looking around for a house, so we may yet find something. Our "Number One" catechumen—by which term we designate the ostensible leader in the movement towards conversion—paid us a visit, and promised that he will surely find a house in time. This man is a Mr. L—, and as his wife is a baptized Catholic from one of the interior missions, he appears to be a serious convert. He is something of a notable in these parts.

(By the way, in looks this Mr. L— is a perfect ringer for a Greek athlete of Pericles' time, and brings to mind the old argument about the Chinese descent. Some claim the Chinese are the same race as the American Indians, and, in fact, there are many theories about it. For myself I think I have seen on Chinese faces the features of almost every race under Heaven. The old Roman type is common; so are Irish physiognomies; and I have seen living images of Leo X, Lord Russell, Jean De Reske, De Valera, Babe Ruth, and Lloyd George twice. Speculation about Chinese relationship to other

MAKE KNOWN TO OUR ADVERTISERS

ances is interesting, but doubtless is not profitable.)

Meantime our dozen families of catechumens apparently persevere in



FATHER DIETZ'S "BOYS."
Godfather and son.

their good desires, and we must certainly bend every effort to meet them halfway by providing teachers to instruct them. The man catechist is due, and if only we can find a house reasonably soon, we shall then have his wife come to join him. In this way we shall be able to have the men and women instructed at the same time, and so will be enabled to baptize complete families all together. Experience has completely demonstrated that as a rule this is the only practical way to secure real Christians, and consequently we will endeavor to follow this schedule in the present case.

Added to the usual Sunday crowd were some sailors from the U. S. gunboat, *Pampanga*. There were a dozen of them, and about half were non-Catholics. Doubtless it was pure ennui that brought the latter, as time hangs heavy on their hands in a port like this, but they appeared to enjoy everything, even listening patiently to a sermon.

The sailors stayed to dinner, and in the course of it some neighbors sent over what has become a frequent invitation these days—a request to come over and expel looting soldiers from

their premises. In these cases we have no real power of interfering, but we always go to see what is taking place, and often the sight of a "foreign devil" with a few cautioning words will save the day. On this occasion it was a false alarm, as in reality it was a party of officers searching for opium, so, wishing them luck, we returned to our mutton. It was amusing, however, when one of the sailors, a young firebrand from Louisiana, was just caught within an ace of swinging on a Chinese officer. He does not know a word of Chinese, and the only idea in his head was that we had gone over to put the soldiers out, so he proposed to set about it without any red tape. Fortunately we caught his arm, and thus prevented another international episode!

On July 4 the Standard Oil did the honors for the American community with an "At Home" in the late afternoon. It was one of the least unpleasant society affairs that we ever attended. Every foreigner in the port was there, and we drank to President Harding. Several Chinese celebrities were also present, among them being General Ngai Pong Ping, field officer in command of the entire Cantonese army. He looks like a little schoolboy who could not say boo to a goose, but is reputed to be one of the very best military men in South China. Another interesting personage was a Mr. Mark, just appointed Commissioner of Foreign Affairs for this Province. I had

Most of us, as well as most of the souls in Purgatory, owe our faith to some missionary.

met this young man before, having sat next to him at a banquet somewhere, and he told me that he had attended DePaul University in Chicago (conducted by the Jesuits) for several years, and had later entered the University of Chicago, where he finished his education. He is not a Christian, but seems well disposed towards religion, and is a nice type of American-educated Chinese.

Père Heraud, a Kwangsi missionary stationed up the river, arrived, returning from a visit to Hongkong. He was extremely anxious to get back to his mission in order to protect his people during this storm and stress. But I would not like to be hanging till he gets there. As the big battle at Tanguen was still in progress, no boats were running up the river nor will they resume service until that section becomes quiet. We tried many expedients, but everything failed. However, if the Père stayed with us for a year it would be all right as far as we are concerned, for he is certainly a grand character and we enjoyed his company very much.

One extremely hot day brought us half a dozen foreign visitors, among them Capt. Elldridge and Lieut. Marsh of the American gunboat, whom we entertained with Hongkong lemonade,



A GATHERING OF THE CLAN.
Maryknollers at Wuchow.

YOUR OWN INTEREST IN THEIR PATRONAGE.

foreign smokes, and native wit.

In the afternoon we had a real old-fashioned good time—in the shape of a swimming party. Eight of us went up the river in the Standard Oil launch, and finding a stretch of clean, fresh water, we swam and dived and fiddled around for several hours. Wuchow stores do not handle bathing suits, and some of the rig-outs were rather novel, particularly those worn by the reverend clergy, but we recall having seen worse at no less a place than Harmon Beach, and on no less a person than the pastor of Kochow. Père Heraud had the time of his life on this expedition. Our companions, the officers of the American gunboat and the Standard Oil, fortunately spoke French, and thought

the Père was the greatest thing ever. Wherein they were not far wrong, for he is certainly "one prince."

A few days later Père Heraud left us. Having tried every other means to get passage up the river, he finally hired a little boat for himself and persuaded the Chinese crew to take him home. He was the first man to essay the trip, as far as we can find out; since the trouble started. However, though there was a slight element of danger in it, it is probable that he encountered no difficulty. All that he would consent to take from us was a can of coffee and our best wishes, so with regret we say good-bye to our charming visitor.

The war scare, though somewhat dissipated, is still present. Business is only half-hearted. There is still fighting up the river, and, from the reports, the Cantonese are having it all their own way. Town after town has fallen, and generally without even a shot being fired. Their objective is Nanning, capital of the Province and the home of the Kwangsi militarists. The Cantonese forces are yet forty miles distant from that city, but it has been such a walkover for them so far that they are expected to capture it now in short order. Our Bishop, Mgr. Ducoeur, also lives in Nanning, where the Catholic Mission is a flourishing one. He is not worrying, however, about the war, for he is an old missionary in



FR. HERAUD, P. F. M., WITH FRs. WALSH AND DIETZ, SAILORS FROM THE U. S. S. PAMPANGA, AND SOME PROSPECTIVE CATECHUMENS.

The largest congregation at Wuchow since the mission was founded.

WE WILL NOT TAKE ALL KINDS —

China, and war is one of the least of his troubles. To my own certain knowledge, the sinews of war, or rather the lack of them, worry him a great deal more.

News came that the battle of Tanguen was over after six days of heavy fighting, in which the Cantonese were finally returned winners. The reported casualties were four thousand, of which number three thousand were soldiers and one thousand innocent townspeople caught between the two fires. They say that the town itself is a perfect shambles, there scarcely remaining a stone upon a stone. The morale of Wuchow has risen a great deal, for this Cantonese victory removes any proximate danger of fighting in this bailiwick.

Had the Kwangsi men won, their next move would certainly have been to descend on Wuchow and chase away the invaders—a contingency which the local people feared very much. In that case, blood would have been spilt in our fair city, and innocent bystanders would probably have furnished their share. The people do not care who wins the war. All they desire is a little peace, and a whole skin in which to enjoy it. There are not many Patrick Henrys in China, and you can have both your liberty and death if you want them, but as for themselves, they prefer tranquility. An ignoble, perhaps, but yet a comfortable, philosophy!

General Chan Kwing Ming, Commander-in-Chief of the Kwangtung forces, has issued a manifesto explaining their reasons for making war. It is a dignified and able document. The argument is that last fall, when they succeeded in wresting their own Province from the military men of Kwangsi, they were content to let well enough alone. But recently the Peking Government had instructed the Kwangsi militarists to retake Kwangtung, and had furnished them with money and supplies for that purpose. The best proof of this was the fact that the Kwangsi men mobilized and actually invaded parts of Kwangtung before the Cantonese made a move. Consequently they had embarked on what they considered to be a war of self-defence, but at the same time, since they now realized that they would never

be let alone as long as the Kwangsi military men remained in power, they had determined to make a clean-up job while they were at it and drive them out of their own stamping-grounds. Whether all this is true or not we have



A LITTLE CHRISTIAN MAID
With a burden of love.

no means of knowing. Yet to us it seems plausible.

It appears that the present Cantonese Government is assuming the upper hand in the politics of South China. This means that the extremely radical Republicans, whose head and front is Sun Yat Sen, are on top in this region, and there are even some who think that they may eventually get the ascendancy throughout the nation—a position to which they professedly aspire. The leaders in this party are largely recruited from Chinese educated in America, and they are strongly imbued with all our notions, from woman suffrage to mild Bolshevism. There is not much doubt among foreigners here about the excellence of their ideas, but there is serious doubt in the minds of some about the wisdom of applying those ideas to China, and especially in an over-night manner. Anyhow, the pot's-a-boiling, and we live through these days with interest

MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA NEEDS

- \$10,000 for a complete establishment.
- \$5,000 for land to serve as a center.
- \$4,000 for a catechist bursar.
- \$1,500 for a native-student bursar.
- \$1,500 for a small dispensary.
- \$1,000 for schools (boys' or girls').
- \$1,000 for a priests' house.
- \$1,000 for a chapel in good brick.
- \$500 for a chapel in mud-brick.
- \$500 for outfit and travel expenses of a priest to Asia.
- \$500 for outfit and travel expenses of a sister to Asia.
- \$300 for the personal support of one missionary for a year.
- \$200 for the yearly travel expenses of one missionary.
- \$180 for the year's support of a catechist.
- \$100 for the year's support of a native student.
- \$15 for month's support of a catechist.
- \$1 for a day's support of a missionary.

Gifts for our missionaries may be sent to The Mission Dept., Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

aroused, fancying that we are seeing history in the making.

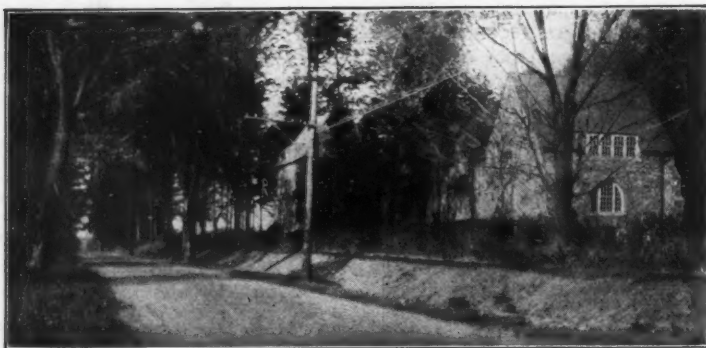
By this time all our refugees have left the mission, but we caught a little echo of it today. It seems that yesterday's edition of one of the Wuchow dailies, the *New Kwangsi Journal*, carried a short article expressing gratitude to the Catholic Mission for having protected many citizens during the recent trouble. It is only a contributed article, but it may contribute to help the cause. Here it is:

"The other day when war broke out, we, the undersigned, with many others of the neighborhood, were admitted into the Catholic Mission in Classical Hall Street to take refuge, and we are obliged to the Fathers for their protection. In addition we were well treated while there, and our fears were allayed. Now we have moved back to our homes, and whereas we could find no other means to repay such kindness, we are taking this means to express our gratitude."

Messrs. Huguenin and Soppe of the Customs Service paid us a visit and stayed for dinner. Mr. Soppe was formerly a member of a famous European orchestra, and entertained us on the violin, which he played wonderfully well. As Fr. Dietz also wields no mean bow, we had quite a concert.

WE WANT ONLY RELIABLE ADVERTISING.

Fall Days at the Knoll.



THE POST ROAD TO "MARYKNOLL, N. Y."

WHILE the steamer *Monteagle* left her mooring in Vancouver, on her latest trip to China, with the Maryknoll Superior aboard and the first mission band of the Maryknoll Sisters, four of our students on the other edge of the country were receiving sacred orders—the fall ordinations at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, affording the opportunity of presenting one Maryknoller for the priesthood, Rev. James M. Drought, of New York; and three for deaconship: Rev. Mr. Henry E. Dirckx, of Jefferson City, Mo.; Rev. Mr. Donald V. Chisholm of Cambridge, Mass; and Rev. Mr. John J. Toomey, of New Bedford, Mass.

The orders were conferred by Maryknoll's lifelong friend and patron, the Most Reverend Archbishop Hayes of New York.

After the newly ordained Father had given his first priestly benediction to attending relatives and friends, a prompt hegira was made to Maryknoll where the students were impatiently waiting to shower congratulations upon all the "ordinati" and to receive Fr. Drought's blessing. A free afternoon, with "smokes," in honor of the event, terminated with Solemn Benediction, the newly ordained officiating and assisting. The more impressive ceremony took place the following morning when in the modest little Maryknoll

chapel, before the members of his immediate family and his larger Maryknoll family, Fr. Drought said his first Mass. Always a memorable occasion, we find a "First Mass" especially so at the Knoll, for it ever brings to our mind's eye the vision of another "first" to follow, in China, with worshippers of that nation that has received so frugally of the external fruits of the Redemption.

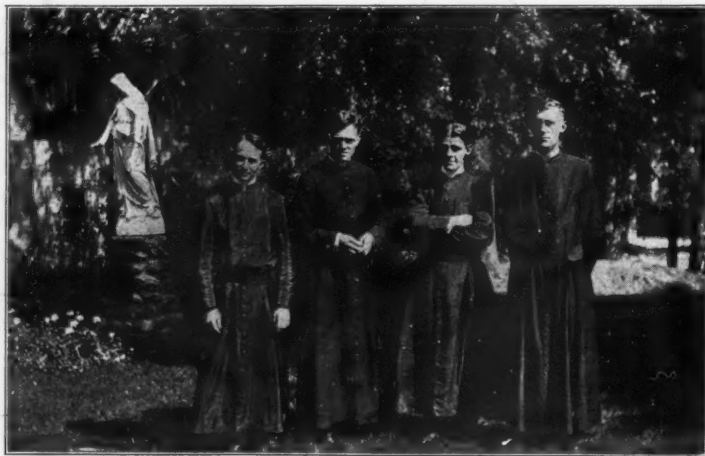
The next ordination class will, God willing, mark the end of Maryknoll's infancy, with the comforting number of twenty-five being presented at once for the priesthood. Subsequent confer-

ring of orders will include as many and even greater numbers, as the years bring to their priestly goal those now in the well-filled lower classes. Then will Maryknoll begin to cover efficiently the Chinese vineyard that can now be worked only in intermittent patches.

An unexpected visit was made to Maryknoll recently by no less distinguished a personage than Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, who on his way to Washington dropped in to note our development. His Eminence found several representatives from his own archdiocese in the two communities that reside on the Knoll, and there was much to interest him. He addressed the sisters, congratulating them as well for the spirit which is manifest in their life as for the remarkable growth of the community.

Later, from the platform of the Field Afar Building (St. Peter's), the Cardinal spoke words of encouragement to a hundred aspirant missionaries, who listened with deep attention.

"My dear young men," he said, "I cannot tell you how delighted I am to find that this project, which Father Walsh has set on foot, is meeting with such splendid success, not only in numbers but also in the spirit with which it is being carried through. The true



MARYKNOLL'S NEWLY ORDAINED.

Bro. Toomey, Fr. Drought, Bro. Chisholm, Bro. Dirckx.

SECURE

A

MEMORIAL

ROOM

NOW—

foundation, of course, for the spread of the Gospel is the spirit that you have here, which is a great desire to do God's will and to carry His word to others. Your priests tell me that you do not look upon yourselves as heroes and martyrs, preparing for a career of terrifying hardships, but that with the utmost cheerfulness you are preparing to go to the Orient, as a plain duty, to bring the light and grace of Christ's Kingdom to those who sit in darkness and spiritual death. May this humble and joyous spirit remain here always.

"While Maryknoll is not in the Archdiocese of Boston, I am not going to relinquish the credit due to Boston for the conception of the Maryknoll plan, and for the large representation which Boston now has among you. I trust Almighty God will continue to pour out His blessings upon this place and will renew in you the true spirit of the Apostles. It is a great honor, a great glory for America to share in the evangelization of Asia and of the races that so need the word of God. I trust that God will give you good health, strength, and happiness and that your days will be filled with joy and success in His work. And may Maryknoll continue to be a glory to America, as it certainly hitherto has been!"

When the Cardinal concluded his address, the seminarians gave him three ringing cheers, and as his car rolled away the Maryknoll Hymn was sung with a will.

The Superior had already left for the Orient when His Eminence

known priest of the Boston Archdiocese, who through the kindness of His Eminence has been released temporarily to serve Maryknoll, and by Fr. Cassidy, also of Boston, the latest Maryknoll recruit. Maryknoll now represents thirty dioceses in the United States, but Boston has a goodly share, including the Superior himself, who was a priest of that archdiocese when he took up the work of Maryknoll.

We are indebted to Msgr. Evers of New York City and his "horseless carriage" for a brief visit of the Superior-General of the Society of the Divine Word, the Very Rev. William Gier, S. V. D., who lately left the mother-house in Steyl, Holland, for a visitation of the missions. As the Father-General's knowledge of English equalled our own command of German, the conversation was largely limited to friendly exchanges by wireless, the Very Rev. Peter F. Janser, S. V. D., Maryknoll's good friend from Techny, coming to the rescue as interpreter.

The Father General was deeply interested in every corner of Maryknoll and missed not a single detail, from kitchen layout to



CARDINAL O'CONNELL.
FR. HALLORAN. FR. CASSIDY.

ance, and his best wishes for her continued growth. We hope for a longer visit next time, and meanwhile shall brush up a bit on *die Sprache*. Other members of the party were: Rev. Joseph Mohr, S. V. D., missionary from Japan; Rev. William Koppers, S. V. D., Redact. of *Anthropos*, and Rev. Franz J. Feisle of the Catholic University.



THE FATHER-GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD
AT MARYKNOLL.

Fr. Gier is at the right of Our Lady's statue.

arrived, but his place was taken by Fr. Byrne, the acting superior, assisted by Fr. Halloran, a well-

automatic folding machines. On leaving, he expressed his pleasure at making Maryknoll's acquaint-

Maryknoll at last is on the map. Not because Rand-McNally's is just around the corner, but because Uncle Sam hath benignly smiled upon our humble, but fervent petition for a post-office station. Know all ye readers by these presents that henceforth and hereinafter all mail for said Knoll should be addressed not to Sing Sing-on-the-Hudson, not to Ossining-on-the-Hill-Above, but several hills higher still to MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

N. B. (Gentle reminder)—It is advisable that all mail addressed as above should contain, in evidence of good will and good wishes to our good work, a certificate-of-solvency from the mailor to the mailee, consisting of check, money-order, stocks, bonds or cash. For very busy business men and women we recommend

HAVE YOUR NAME PERPETUATED.

blank checks, duly signed, with attached note indicating amount of bank balance. BECAUSE, kind reader, we have to keep piling up the stones on that Seminary that is to house our growing student body, and—to delve into the classical—it is “SIMPLY UP TO YOU” to boost it along. If you



Three merry lads of Maryknoll,
With dynamite in hand—
Perchance they soon will start to roll
Into the Promised Land.

yourself can come here to devote your life to pagan souls, we won't ask you for a cent; but if you can't come yourself we know you are willing to be taxed for your share in helping to train and send forth other young missionaries that will represent you in apostolic work in China.

To return to our distractions—some of the retired millionaires among our readers may not have the heart to refuse us a necessary article for the new Maryknoll Post Office, *viz.*, a small safe. We are not particular about the design—any brand will do—even brand new—but the safe should be strong and true, worthy of the high purpose to which its “innards” will be dedicated. (Note: in the best circles it is considered poor taste to send anyone an *empty* safe.)

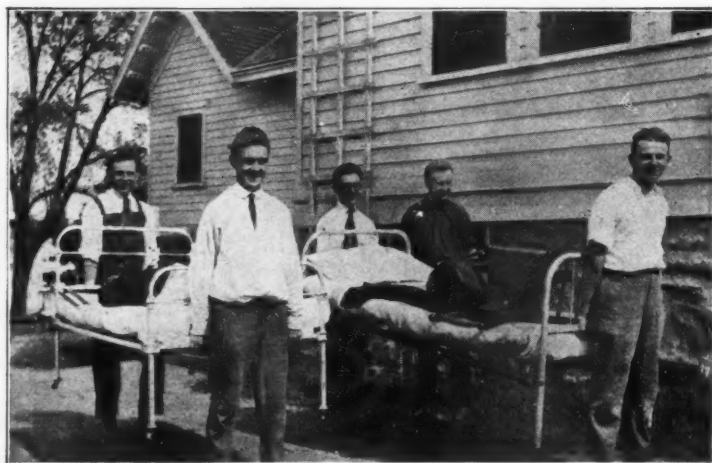
Among other Maryknoll needs

are a few traffic cops. When growing pains began to push the walls away from our poor but watertight roofs, we had to scout about for a barracks, which was finally discovered in the half-finished hall of the quarter-finished Seminary building. Here, to the sweet bray of the donkey-engines and the jazz of the hard-pushed barrows, forty youthful philosophers meet in silent conclave to browse in the fields of the sage, to lapse into the lap of Morpheus, and—in specially noisome stretches—to ponder the Trials and Triumphs of the Catholic Church.

In an equally distractive apartment below is the temporary refectory, where extempore meals are served to the transients from the floor above. In true monastic simplicity, the students gather around the festive boards-on-saw-horses, amid huge mounds of roseate bricks and alabaster plaster, to fulfill the demands of nature and of grace (before and after), whilst ever and anon, through the aura of steaming soup and beans, gleam the mystic wicks of myriad smoky lamps dispensing over all an air of homeliness and standard oil. Chorus: Oh, those aromatic suppers on that humpty-dumpty floor.

Shall they ever be forgotten?
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

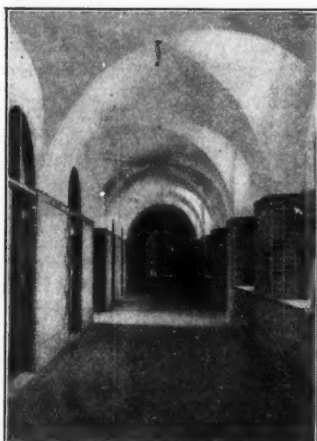
In less crowded days we were wont to sigh over the scanty ranks in our manual labor squads, and to long for the time when an army of recruits would bring the desired quota of zealous laborites. But alack, *oi, oi*,—the best laid plans of mice and men must oft be hatched all over again, and we find that the number of jobs to be done always holds a comfortable handicap over the husky proletariat. The gardens grow larger; the paint peels sooner; the roads are cloud-burst away; the carpenter squad is detailed to the hod, while the rest are engaged with the hay. On the other hand, though our numbers are still unequal to the fray, we may consider ourselves fortunate in having among our manual labor leaders so many skilled *artesians*. “Well, well,” chirped an innocent bystander on a recent visit, “those fellows can fix anything.” “Beyond repair,” we might have added, but it would detract so—from truth. As a matter of fact, these Maryknollers USUALLY CAN fix anything. We only hope they'll be equally proficient and ingenious when faced with Chinese puzzles in the sweet bye-and-bye.



MOVING INTO THE NEW BARRACKS.

MARYKNOLL - A T - T E N - B U Y I T - R E A D I T -

First Impressions of The Venard.



LOOKING TOWARD THE CHAPEL.

"LET me show you the way."

He was a Venard student and hearing me ask the way to Clark's Summit guessed that I was a newcomer. I had just arrived in Scranton and knew not where to turn. Around a corner and down a street he guided me to a rickety street car. "This is the one to take," he said, giving me the directions to follow when I should alight.

In a few minutes I was being carried through the hills which surround Scranton. When I reached Clark's Green road another youth dropped off the car with me. "Going to The Venard?" he asked. "Let me show you the way."

That is the spirit of The Venard, which I was to encounter to a greater degree day by day. As we rounded a turn in the road the impressive outline of the new building drew my attention. There it was as I had so often seen it in *THE FIELD AFAR*, only I felt the engraver's cuts had not done it justice. Its beautiful tower and graceful arches, which were now bathed in the glories of the setting sun, bespoke a religious house. I was anxious to get within its gray walls.

As we came up the winding road to the broad steps which lead to the veranda, a group of students gathered around, all introducing themselves to the newcomer. In a few moments I was one of the family.

"Where do I hang my hat?" I asked laughingly, and the familiar, "Let me show you the way," came from two or three at once. Down a long corridor with vaulted ceiling we went, and then upstairs to the dormitories. In a few minutes my self-ap-

pointed host had provided me with fresh bed linen, pending the arrival of my trunk, and had even made my bed for me.

Then downstairs we went, a few more introductions, prayers in chapel, supper, and I felt myself a full-fledged member of the merry group.

Everywhere among the students and the faculty I found that contagious spirit of "Let me show you the way." The superiors do not drive, they merely point the way. It is up to the students to follow and thereby prove their worth and sincerity of purpose. Undoubtedly this is one of the basic causes of the famous "Maryknoll spirit" which has accomplished such results.

It was my happy lot to arrive at The Venard in time to be present at the Departure Ceremony, which takes place annually here as it does at Maryknoll. That ceremony is one which I shall never forget and in which I hope to play a prominent part some day.

We talked with the departing missionaries the night before they left, joking about their future, but down in our hearts envying them every moment.

During the Departure Ceremony we heard some splendid talks by the Bishop of Scranton, the Superior of the Society, and one of the missionaries; and we noted every word. We attended Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, sang the stirring Departure Hymn, and felt moved to great depths.

But the ceremony which made the greatest impression was the informal farewell in which we took part after the many guests had departed. We were waiting for the automobiles which were to take our brothers away. We sang the Departure Hymn again. And this time, oh, how we sang it!

"Farewell, brothers, farewell," rang out with all the fervor of lusty-lunged youths who have pledged themselves to God's work. Then we sang "Maryknoll," "Venard" and "Viva." The night bell sounded, but for once we did not respond with customary alacrity. Were not these our own brothers who were leaving for the field afar? Verse after verse of our songs burst out—and then the actual moment of departure came.

Kneeling in the dust we received their blessing, a blessing that meant much to us.

Hasty handclasp all around, and they were off—off to bring God's blessings to starving souls of the Orient and to "show them the way."

There was much to be thought of that night, during meditation, and since. New thoughts came to us during our retreat, which lasted three days.

Now we are busy with our class work, busy absorbing the ideas which our superiors give to us each day. There are many thoughts which return again and again, but the most prevalent is that we are at The Venard to prepare ourselves for the great day when

DON'T BE FOOLED!

THE FIELD AFAR subscription department has no paid agents. It offers no premiums other than its own publications and emblems. Anyone soliciting subscriptions personally or by mail, unless credentials can be shown from the Maryknoll center or from one of its branches, or unless authorized by ecclesiastical authority, should be reported directly to Maryknoll or to the local pastor.

we shall be officially recognized as being worthy to say to the wandering souls of China:

"Let me show you the way."

IN your charity remember the souls of:

Rev. J. J. Waters	Cornelius Donovan
Rev. Joseph S. Mulry	Margaret McManus
Rev. Michael M. Doyle	Dan McNally
Sr. M. Cair	John Benzmillar
Sr. M. James	Harry A. Hughes
Sr. M. St. Alice	Frank Gendron
Sr. Stanislaus	James F. Grace
Sr. Seraphine	James E. Degnan
Marcella Higgins	Catherine Devlin
Mrs. McDonald	William King
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Gen. Jose Hernandez	Mrs. Sherry
Mrs. P. M. Cunningham	John J. Mallon
ham	John J. Landers
Dr. Jos. A. O'Leary	Elizabeth O'Neill

NEW PERPETUALS.

Living:—Rev. friends, 3; E. O.; M. S. M.; R. McE.; J. T. M.; Mrs. J. L.; F. K. J.; E. M. K.; V. M.; R. G.; Mrs. F. W. B.; L. D.; C. D.; H. C. B.; C. C.; E. M. K.; Mrs. A. McD.; Mrs. M. A.; J. A. L. and family; L. S. W.; G. L. D.; W. J. R.; Mrs. M. L. H.; J. T. C.; A. T. McC.; T. D. K.; C. S.; E. G. O'M.; Sr. M. Charlotte; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. H.

Deceased:—Rev. Fr. Flannelly; Rev. Hugh M. McDermid; Marie G. Murphy; John Benzmillar, Jr.; John F. Curry; family and friends of Sr. M. Edward; Mr. Lane; Alice E. Crotty; Daniel O'Hagan; Robert James Murray; Mrs. Joseph McCormack; Donald Campbell; Beatrice Wyss; Mrs. Jane M. Logan; John and Sophie Heein; Mrs. Mary T. Baban; Thomas J. and Joseph E. Barry; Michael Donahue; Anonymous, 2; Mrs. Hannah Welsh; Mrs. Mary O'Toole; Mrs. Johannah Donahue; Mary Clarkin; Mrs. Robert Clarkin; Mrs. Mary Krimm; Joseph George; Patrick J. Murphy; Anna L. O'Mahoney; Michael J. Maher; Mrs. M. W. Shean; Maria A. Adrian; Michael J. Adrian; Anna M. Collins; John A. Collins; Mrs. D. J. Murphy.

P A S S I T A L O N G T O Y O U R F R I E N D S .

More Observations.

By the Maryknoll Superior.

DEAR Maryknollers All:

The run from Harmon to Chicago was without incident, except that just east of the central metropolis we met an enthusiastic young priest whose eyes betrayed affection for Maryknoll and whose good heart prompted him to give food and transportation to Fr. Kay and myself during a brief hour and a half that we spent in Chicago.

Sunday morning found us offering the Holy Sacrifice in the Archbishop's chapel at St. Paul; and the day passed rapidly but restfully, after we had secured our transportation for the cross-continent run.

Early on the eighteenth Fr. Sweeney telephoned from Minneapolis word of his arrival, and so we were three bound for the over-Pacific voyage, with Seattle two days ahead.

Our genial friend, Fr. Kay, draws all classes, including dumb animals. He had hardly taken a seat by the

still sprinkled with flowers, suggested early summer.

The little Jappy buds at the Maryknoll Kindergarten, a quite pretentious place at 507-17th Avenue, opened for the visitors and offered amusement for some of the travelers while others were occupied with the hundred details of preparation.

Seattle is a revelation to any open-eyed Catholic from the East, and its various Catholic edifices, fine Cathedral property, hospitals and homes, brought expressions of wonderment from the newcomers.

But on this trip Seattle meant, even for the travelers, a parting of the ways, and on the night of the 22nd, after a meeting of the Maryknoll Club, nine sisters and three priests took the boat for Vancouver. It was a calm and restful sail, carrying us into port in time for Mass at the pro-Cathedral.

Vancouver produced some pleasant surprises. We had anticipated a rather dreary wait among strangers. We found friends to keep us busy sight-

back with them, for the night, three Maryknoll Sisters who had come, one from Los Angeles and two from Seattle, to say good-bye—but who, on arrival at the boat, were allowed through the courtesy of the officials to remain aboard until we should reach Victoria.

The arrangement delighted everybody, of course, and at this writing, deck conversation is more attractive than sleep.

These lines find us touching at Victoria, B. C., and then will come the open ocean. May the winds and waves befriend us! And may God prosper our voyage!

A NEW PAMPHLET— MISSIONS, A DUTY

By the late

REV. THOMAS F. PRICE

Price Five Cents

Address: THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE

VOLUME THREE.

OUR latest book, daily expected from the press, is

FIELD AFAR STORIES, III.

Those who know Maryknoll books will be delighted to learn of this addition to our shelf, and they will seize the opportunity to add this latest volume to their own.

This book will make a best seller.—the more so because it is equally good for grown-ups and for older boys and girls.

The Rev. Dr. Scanlan of the New York Seminary (Dunwoodie), Censor of Books for the archdiocese, writes:

The FIELD AFAR STORIES make excellent reading matter. They are well-selected and the attention of the reader is held from start to finish. The spiritual inspiration and knowledge derived from the reading of these Stories will furnish an ample recompense to every reader. With every good wish and a prayer that the good seed may be scattered over every field, near as well as afar—Arthur J. Scanlan, Censor of Books.

This new book has one hundred and forty-eight pages of text and seventeen half-tone illustrations and is attractively bound in yellow cloth stamped in blue ink.

Price: one dollar, postpaid.



THE PORT OF DEPARTURE.

balcony window in the episcopal residence at St. Paul when a squirrel looked in on him. It was an embarrassing moment, as all present wondered who might be the inviting nut.

The trip across the continent was not at all uncomfortable, but it felt like home to be nearing Seattle, which we reached Saturday night at 10:30.

Maryknoll was much in evidence at Seattle, with representatives from Los Angeles and San Francisco added to the group of eight already on the heights above Puget Sound. And Seattle was, as usual, kind, from Bishop O'Dea down. The weather, too, was favorable, and the lawns of the city,

seeing, friends with warm hearts, who generously expressed more than passing interest. Among these we recall with special gratitude Fr. O'Boyle, O. M. I., rector of the Cathedral, and the Sisters of Peace at Rosary Hall.

His Grace, Archbishop Casey, received both groups at his residence, and showed his treasures, valuable paintings, some of which we would gladly have taken as souvenirs had we been sure the Archbishop would not have missed them.

Sailing hour was delayed on Saturday the 24th, but finally at 5:30 p. m. the gang-plank was hauled in and we waved adieu to the friendly Sisters of Peace on the dock, who had expected to take

END YOUR ROSARY WITH AN OUR FATHER

Log of the Maryknoll Special.

By Fr. Kress, Conductor.

THERE was a *Buick Six* to be moved from Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson to Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles, together with a chauffeuring brother and a Pacific priest. The combination was suggestive: the railroads demanded an exorbitant fee for picking up the party at Ossining and setting it down at the western end of the continent. Now as the car had four good air-cushioned wheels designed expressly for overland travel, a commodious body for carrying two gentlemen and their belongings, and an engine that promised to do wonders with only a little liquid food, Brother Francis and the writer chose the airy *Buick*, with its soothing whirr and free gait, to a noisy locomotive imprisoned within two long rigid bands of steel.

The start was made on the kind of morning when one feels at peace with all the world. Nature was in its best mood: a calm air, gentle breezes, the Hudson cleft and surrounding hills all resplendent in their bright spring suits, the fine New York thoroughfares attuned perfectly to a gliding motor, and at the wheel a pair of skilful hands. Many flowers were out that morning, their sweet faces dimmed with tears as they waved their farewells to us. When we got beyond the Scranton line, Brother Francis' "farthest west," the tears disappeared—not his, but those of the flowers—their smiles inviting us onward, ever onward toward the setting sun.

We chose the more scenic route through the southern counties of New York, paying a passing tribute of admiration to Binghamton, Elmira, Jamestown, and beautiful Lake Chautauqua. Our first night was spent at Oswego, our second at a country hostel near Ripley. The northwest corner of Pennsylvania was remarkable chiefly for its detours, one of them rather long and bumpy, which the tourist negotiates patiently, gathering solace out of the information that a million-dollar road will soon furnish the Keystone link in the Ocean-to-Ocean chain.

Ohio has good roads if the tourist will take the pains to pick them out. The same may be said of Indiana; but southern Illinois sets you to doubting whether it really belongs to the state of Chicago. We found our deepest dust there. Exceedingly fine and exquisitely white, it reached from a foot or two beneath the road to five feet above the machine.

At Cleveland St. Michael's church offered us an opportunity to swell the circulation of *THE FIELD AFAR*, and there we were outfitted with extra tires, a visor for the windshield, and paraphernalia for outdoor sleeping. We got our first chance to use the tent in the city of St. Louis, where a

special corner of beautiful Forest Park is set aside for motor hoboes. A police officer leaped to our running board at the western end of the Mississippi bridge. "Put out your spotlight," he said, "you are from Maryknoll; I want to tell you that I have a nephew there. You are welcome to St. Louis. How's the lad? Where are you bound for?" Previous night stops had been made at Maryknoll-in-Cleveland, otherwise known as the pleasant home of Peter Tillman; at Henry Rall's fine farmhouse near Upper Sandusky, Ohio; at the hospitable Costello home in Anderson, Ind.; and at magnificent St. Mary-of-the-Woods.

Up to St. Louis and beyond we proved benefactors to all who followed in our footsteps; for it was we who picked up all the nails on the road. Everybody did follow us, since Brother Francis wanted to get to the nails first and save others from unnecessary stops. Missouri looked inviting for a few miles; then the pavement gave out and the highway grew as dim as an unused trail in the mountains. There were signs to guide us—a mark of one black and two faded yellow stripes—the shield of the Atlantic-Pacific highway. It was ominous, our being led and flanked across the continent by Black-and-Tans. Often the highway was less in evidence than its marks. Evidently great portions of this road are unused at present, owing to its bad condition. However, on asking a ferry-man whether this was the only road from St. Louis to Jefferson City, he answered: "Not the only road; but the best." It was a good road, they say, until the heavy spring rains washed off the top dressing, leaving only deep ruts and bare, jagged rocks for the unwary tire. We rode as gently as we could; but the tires cried out against the abuse and all too often they "lay down on the job." Hot and dusty work for the Brother, while Father generally remembered at such times that he was far behind in his breviary.

The "best sellers" last month among our Maryknoll books were:

Observations in the Orient.

An American Missionary (Life of Fr. Judge, S. J., in Alaska).

A Modern Martyr (Letters of Theophane Venard, Martyr of Tongking).

We learned, after a hundred miles or two, that it was frequently good policy to change to dirt roads. We could get better directions at the gasoline stations than in the Blue Book or Rand-McNally's latest road map.

We reached a church beyond Jefferson City, after the sun had gone down and the gathering darkness warned us to get under cover. There was a splendid parking place opposite for use of the parishioners when they came to their Sunday Mass. But there was a sign on a tree: "No camping here." An exception in his Draconian code could not be made by the pastor, and we were invited to move along to a wood a mile beyond, that was impenetrable with underbrush and fallen timbers. I wonder what the dominie's real thoughts of us were. Evidently he had not met our genus before. The Maryknoll pennant, that spanned the rear of the auto, meant nothing to him. Outside of this one priest we met none who were not the other extreme of cordiality and hospitality.

We looked for a hard time through Kansas, above all as we were to traverse the southern tier of counties; but the roads were as smooth and fast as those of New York. Wichita is a halfway station in the Coast-to-Coast route. We put up our trusty machine for a change of oil and general overhauling, the while we enjoyed the hospitality and company of Wichita's new bishop.

We were eager to spend one night under an Oklahoma sky in our journey across its western strip; but Oklahoma clouds hid the stars and drenched us



THE MARYKNOLL GARAGE.

It looks lonesome without the Buick. Can you cheer it up?

AND THREE HAIL MARY'S FOR THE MISSIONS.

in our open cots. Usually the tent was dispensed with when we camped on a lonely site. We had heard of Oklahoma gumbo; on the following day we waded through it from end to end. Oklahoma gumbo and New Mexico adobe are close relatives. We breathed easier when a sign-board showed that we were in the northwest corner of Texas. We saw little of the Texan commonwealth, but judged that little passing fair, even though a team of horses had to pull us out of the sandy bottom of an unbridged stream. I assured my companion that we should soon be in an arid state, leaving the mud behind us for good and all. I was a false prophet. It was New Mexico that was destined to try the metal of every make of auto and the souls of their drivers.

In a little northeastern town—it would better remain nameless—to which our trail mark of Black-and-Tans had led us, we learned to our consternation that all roads ended there. A broad river, running through a deep ravine, blocked passage to the south. The river had neither bridge, ferry nor ford. It was an outrage, we said, that a 1921 auto map, and the Black-and-Tans to boot, would lead us to this impasse. To turn back necessitated a detour of several hundred miles over very bad roads: that was not to be thought of. The one only alternative was suggested by a casual acquaintance: "We sometimes cross the river on the railroad trestle." I approached a Mexican, who was giving his Ford a drink, and asked him: "Did you come up from the south?" "Why, no," was the answer, "you cannot come up from the south." Then I put a hypothetical question to him: "If you were south of here and wanted very badly to get into town, what would you do?" "I'd stay south," he said. Well, we waited until a passenger train got in, then went to a crossing, bumped over uncovered ties for half a mile, crossed the single-track, open-sided trestle, that carried us 165 feet above the raging muddy torrent, rode a plank over an iron-pointed cattle-guard, and took the road south. My driver did it with as much *sang froid* as if he were posing for a movie. He did not share my fear of a blow-cut at mid-trestle.

I had no doubt, in the innocence of my inexperience, that we had successfully mastered the worst adventure of the trip, but the following morning there was a span of vacancy between a high bridge and its approach that had to be negotiated over two insecure planks. And worse was yet to come when low, wet meadows had to be plowed through. It transpired that we were crossing New Mexico and Arizona during their rainy season. In other years the wet months would have served merely to dampen the sand and keep down the dust. This was an extraordinary year; the wettest in New

Mexico, the oldest settlers assured us, in three hundred years. I asked a Pole, at the New Mexico-Arizona line, who had come through from Los Angeles, how he found the roads. "There aren't any," was his laconic response. "There are two hundred bridges out," he said. "I used up three sets of chains and ten dollars' worth of rope for binding my tires, and had to be pulled out with horses seven times." He seemed disgusted, yet the worst state of all was still ahead of him.

It was, in truth, an unusual year. We were told on all sides that we had chosen the best of the transcontinental routes. There were disastrous cloud-

The night temperature ranged from cool to cold, and the coldest nights, curiously enough, were found farthest south. The nights were quiet in the mountains and noisy on the plains. Imagine a thousand first violins in a stubble field of timothy, with a hundred other instruments accompanying the busy crickets, led by the deep commands of a hoot owl! We missed the snare-drum solos of rattlesnakes, who refused to perform in the dark. We kept away purposely from the squeaking prairie-dogs fearing they might take a fancy to our shoes and tires.

There was plenty to eat on the way, served with varying degrees of clean-



AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROUTE.

The Japanese school in Los Angeles.

bursts week after week as far north as Colorado and Utah. Day after day the rain came down upon us in torrents. The Pole had not exaggerated the case: bridges over small streams, and culverts, were out by the hundreds and a thousand miles of road-bed were torn up by the rushing waters.

In spite of these handicaps, or perhaps in great part because of them, the Brother and I enjoyed the trip thoroughly. There were many tourists on the road, and they were as ready to join in a laugh over each other's predicament as to help their fellows in distress. The scenery was continually changing and was always beautiful. I had crossed the country a score of times; for once there was no desert waste for old ladies to moan over, for all was green as far as the extreme west of Arizona. The abundant rains were a very great blessing to the arid southwestern states, where the cattle and sheep had been dying of thirst and starvation in large numbers. After our long busy day motoring there was always a restful sleep in the open from sunset to dawn.

liness and skill. Sometimes we had a hard time of it beating the flies to the food on the counter. The Harvey houses on the Santa Fe roads were never passed by. From these hostleries we usually took a lunch with us, which we generally forgot to eat. Our way led us through the famous Petrified Forest of Arizona. A five-day stop was made at Flagstaff, where we were treated with genuine Arizona hospitality by the Babbitts, Verkamps, Riordans and Father Vabre. The writer, on a previous visit, had climbed to the summits of San Francisco and Sunset Peaks; on this occasion he was privileged to look upon Little Colorado's Great Falls, when the river ran full from bank to bank, pouring a huge volume of muddy water over its three hundred feet of successive precipices. It was vastly more impressive than Niagara. Its brown mist coated the surrounding country—and the on-lookers when they ventured too close—with a sheet of mud. Beyond the river Desierto Pintado displayed its riot of colors.

Needles, on the Big Colorado, lived

up to its reputation for being one of the hottest places on earth. No thermometers are in evidence in this town, so that the outside world may never know how hot it really gets. The last lap, through southeastern California, gradually carried us from sea level to the top of Cajon Pass, the road stretching over the sandy wastes of the Mojave Desert. We rode late into the night to get well out of this furnace. Before the sun was high on the following morning we had reached the western slope of the range and were met by the cool breezes of the Pacific. When the Maryknoll Special came to a stop in front of 426 South Boyle Avenue, in beautiful Los Angeles, the young Japanese lads across the street set up a shout of welcome. In a few minutes two of their number brought a tray of fruit and a pitcher of cold lemonade. Sister Rita had spied us. Asked to give us sufficient lunch for one meal only, when we were leaving Ossining, the same Sister Rita had made so big a package of it that we were still eating out of her basket in Indiana. The train had taken her out to the coast ahead of us—and we were not sorry.

The distance covered was 3,700 miles: running time, 18½ days, keeping a consistent average of 200 miles a day. Would the elder man do that trip again? Invite him and see.

—W. S. Kress.

FRIENDS ON THE COAST will find it convenient to secure Maryknoll supplies—books, prints, postcards, etc.—from the Maryknoll Procure, 1911 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

THE MARYKNOLL RING



Everything that comes from Maryknoll ought to be good. This ring will stand under criticism.

Sterling silver.....\$5.00
10-karat gold.....7.00

(Prices subject to change)

When ordering state size



The Maryknoll Pin

The Chi-Rho

Gold plate, \$.25;

six for ONE dollar

Silver \$.75

Gold, pin or button, \$1.00 and \$2.50

It consists of two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho (roe)—the monogram of Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies the mission of Christ to the world.

THE FIELD AFAR Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Behind the Front.



THE beard is an open question.

Undoubtedly the average American sees nothing beautiful in what continental Europeans designate as a "belle barbe."

In America the long beard usually marks the appearance of an imported Jewish Rabbi. In fact, our good missionaries, traveling through this land of freaks, are often mistaken for such. And yet one of our thoughtful friends has this to say in favor of the missionary's beard:

In companionship alone, a beard more than pays for the trouble of raising and training it. More intimate than the faithful dog, always docile and uncomplaining, attached to only one master whom it accompanies with unique devotion even to the grave itself—consider the priceless value of such loyal fellowship to the isolated missionary on his lonely journey o'er life's rocky road. In times of stress and strain the beard affords a consoling grip; no whiskered counsellor need ever "feel himself slipping." In periods of doubt and bewilderment, the beard enables a man to conceal his anxiety, or his ignorance, and to pose as a wizard through the calm manipulation of the silent stroke. In days of peace and quiet, the rhythmic caress of the happy bewhiskerite makes eloquent expression of sweet content—the nearest human approach to a kitten's purr.

While on tour, the missionary finds his beard to fill many a need. We have known it to be wrapped around the neck on chilly days, thus serving the purpose of a muffler—and one that cannot be mislaid; while in warm weather it enables one to dispense with the collar, and, if sufficiently long, with the subjoined shirt as well. (Even in China, the homeland of launderers, the economic saving is considerable.) In the daytime a beard wards off the pestiferous fly, while at night, for those who have mastered the art of sleeping on one's chin (not uncommon in missionary lands), it admirably meets the

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR.

Thirty thousand copies spreading monthly over the United States might appeal to some people, but we wish to make it a hundred thousand before our Superior returns to the Knoll—and he does not wish to be kept back in order to allow us to reach that mark.

The Maryknoll Junior is really a "fine little paper" and even now larger than THE FIELD AFAR was when it first started. It has twenty pages and appears every month of the school year. Everything in it is fresh and it makes a strong appeal to young people of either sex. Send for a sample copy. Make room for

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR.

need of a pillow. In argument, however, the value of a beard may be questioned. It depends upon whether the owner be plaintiff or defendant. You can hold a man's attention so long as you hold onto his beard; you seize upon his premises and he is bound to grant your own—unless you, too, offer a vulnerable bunch of vantage.

As beards vary with temperament, there are naturally many varieties thereof. There is the nautical fringe, like the surf of a flowing tide; the Bolshevik ambush, behind which concealment is perfect; there is the aristocratic porte-cochere, in sideburn effect; the doctor's Van Dyke, symbolizing the professional wedge inserted between yourself and your pocketbook; there is the little goatee (feminine for goat); and lastly there is the long, flowing patriarchal mantle that enshrouds the victim in sobriety and diplomatic reserve, giving that inimitable air of probity that is perhaps the chief asset to the missionary as it renders so easy the securing of loans and mortgages.

There is really only one objection to a beard. Someone has poetized it:

*There once was a man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared—
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard."*

ALARMING INCREASE IN APHASIA.

The police of the country are agape and flabbergasted by the increasing number of aphasia victims found weekly wandering about.

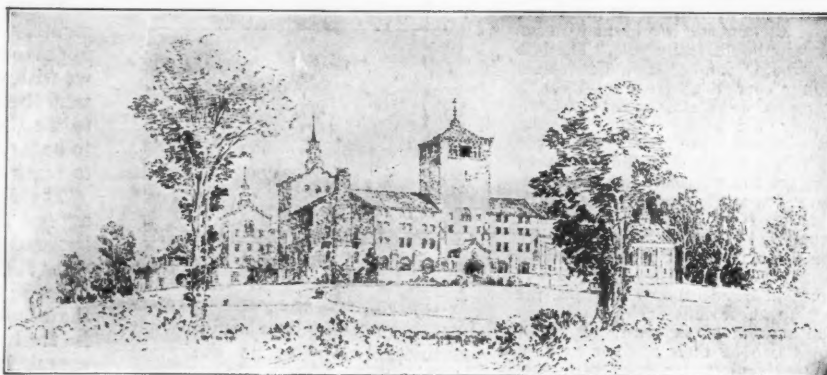
In no single instance could the sufferer recall having paid up his subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

No wonder they all wound up in the police courts.

AND GET SOME LIGHT ON MISSIONS.

Writing from the Middle West, a subscriber remarks the "splendid lines of the new Seminary."

The Seminary will stand criticism as successfully as the solid walls will withstand the elements, but our present concern is to get on our Knoll what is pictured on paper—and we are gradually succeeding, thanks to God and to our friends. Is your stone in place, or on its way? If not, send for a Stone Card.



For the Holy Souls.

"IT is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." In the Month of the Holy Souls, Mother Church would remind us of our duty to departed relatives and friends. "Have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

It is a thoughtful work of charity to be also mindful of those souls in Purgatory who have no one to remember or aid them.

Let your prayers and Communion during the month be offered for the release of souls suffering the penalty of sin. Have Masses said for those having a claim on your charity. Better still, insure a continuance of weekly Masses and spiritual benefits by having the deceased members of your family enrolled as Associate Members. Every Friday the priests of our Society offer their Masses, and the students their Communion, for all Associates.

Associate Membership for one year \$.50
Associate Membership for Life (Perpetual) 50.00
Payment on Perpetual Memberships may be in installments, provided the total is reached in two years.

A Perpetual Membership may include all the members of one family, or all of any group of friends.

The FIELD AFAR for life accompanies all Perpetual Memberships.

I send this \$4 to have Masses said for my mother's soul.

Kindly enroll my father as a Memorial Associate in your Society for two years.

This offering is for the Souls in Purgatory. I wish it might be many times that amount—I will try to make it more in time, on the installment plan.

Enclosed five dollars for Masses for Holy Souls which I promised in honor of The Sacred Heart, for favor which has been granted. I also promised publication.

I beg to ask a share in the Masses and prayers of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society for the soul of my father, who is dead. I enclose an offering.

I should like to have Mass said for my mother, the anniversary of whose death occurs this month. I enclose an offering.

This \$20, with the \$30 sent last year, completes my Perpetual Memorial for the Suffering Souls. I should like to do much more. Be assured, if the future permits, I will.

I enclose check for \$50, to enroll as a Perpetual Member in your Society my brother, who died several months ago. A sister and brother join me in this offering and in wishing all success and blessings for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

The doctrine of the Communion of Saints arises from the very heart of Divine Revelation. Christ is the center of both.

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Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit

With Illustrations

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Bl. John Gabriel Perboyre

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The absorbing story of a truly heroic life in the service of God.

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FOR THE FAITH

The Story of
JUST DE BRETENIERES
of the Paris Seminary

MARTYRED IN KOREA IN 1866

Attractively bound in tan cloth, stamped in gold. Illustrated.

Price, One Dollar, Postpaid

Read it once and you will keep it near you always—

THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS

(Fourth Edition)

Being a collection of sentences prefaced by brief accounts of the three Alumni of the Paris Foreign Missions—

Just de Bretenieres

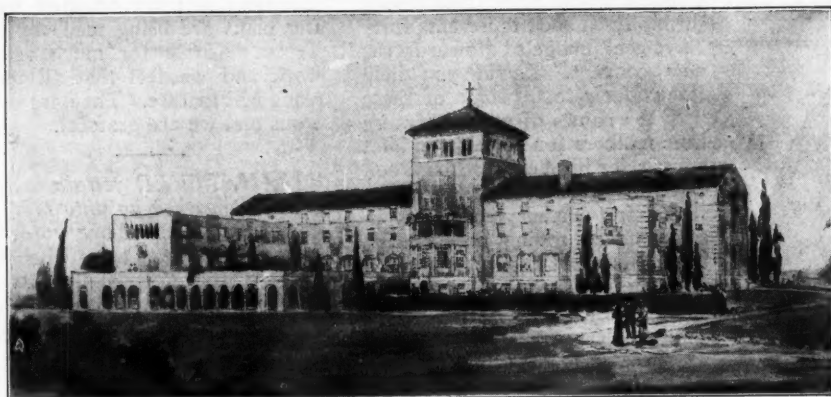
Theophane Venard

Henri Dorie

120 pages. 3 illustrations.

Price: Seventy-five cents, postpaid

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO PLAN



And here is The Venard, Maryknoll's Preparatory College, one-half of which is already finished and occupied. Bricks have gone into it by the thousands, supplied by kind friends.

We wish future historians to register that this College has been erected by sacrifice offerings from thousands of Catholic boys and girls. Are yours among them? Send for a Brick Card and get the young people busy on this great project. It will do them a world of good.

BOOK NOTES.

Jesus of Nazareth—Who was He?
By J. Godfrey Raupert. Marshall Jones Co., publishers, Summer St., Boston.

Bird-a Lea. By Clementia. Extension Press, Chicago, Ill.

Psychology and Natural Theology.
By Owen Hill, S. J., Ph. D. The Macmillan Co., N. Y.

Earnest Catholic laymen will be interested in *The Lay Apostolate*, published at St. Joseph, Mo., by Dr. R. Willman, with the approval of Bishop Burke.

The Rock is the latest Catholic English-speaking publication, and—just fancy! it comes from Hongkong. Anybody who has ever visited that very attractive city will understand the choice of the title, for Hongkong is a towering rock. Long life and a career of usefulness to *The Rock*!

A Woman of The Bentivoglios, by Gabriel Francis Powers. A simply told story of stern heroism and sacrifice on the part of the gently-bred nun who introduced the Poor Clares into this country which can hardly fail to inflame a truly Catholic heart with the missionary spirit—a longing to go out also and do and bear something for God and souls.

—Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

A Maryknoll Pin—the Chi Rho—is yours for the asking if, when sending a new subscription, or renewal, you add, "Send me a pin."

From Our Friends.

KINDLY send me five Stone Cards, as I am very anxious to work for those on the firing line and for the success of foreign missions, thereby gaining merit for myself. —L. I.

This little home of The Sacred Heart would like to feel that a percentage of all the priests were sent to China under the patronage of our loved Mother Foundress (Mother Barat) with the help of "Arch Street." So far we have added \$660—next year we ought to add more. Do pray for our success! —Pa.

The enclosed check (\$1000) is to start a burse in memory of my mother. I hope within a year's time from the date of this writing to have made all the payments and to have \$6000 invested in God's work.

Of course, this offering is accompanied by the wish that each priest educated by this little fund will remember in his prayers the soul of my mother perpetually. —California.

I am a firm believer in insurance. Also I believe in the efficacy and necessity of prayer. This little donation (\$50 Bond) is an insurance premium that I shall receive the benefit of some prayers of those whose petitions will surely receive great consideration in Heaven.

I am contemplating matrimony at an early date, and some individuals of a pessimistic turn of mind insinuate that prayers are needed in matrimony more than in any other situation. I am not a pessimist, but I believe in having my insurance paid up in advance.

So, with every good wish and my own little prayer for your work—

Dr. —, Pa.

I knew I had a Victory Bond somewhere, but at the time of the appeal I could not locate it. Today I found it by accident. I do not wish to have the trouble to hunt for it any more, so I am just going to send it to you, and let you shoulder all further responsibility; and I do not care how much trouble it may cause you.

I am sorry I cannot make the donation larger, but I suppose you are not unacquainted with the saying about squeezing blood out of a turnip.

—Ky.

A benefactor has sent a donation of \$50 for a statue of St. Patrick for the first chapel in honor of that Saint erected in the Maryknoll Mission.

Our only further need is for some grateful son of Erin to drive up and inquire the cost of building the chapel.

Another benefactress has volunteered to give a statue of St. Joseph. It was not specified whether or not the statue is for Maryknoll-in-China, but such we suppose is the case.

In that event our missionaries' hearts will be gladdened by two appropriate gifts that will lighten humble chapels and be an aid to the devotion of their flocks. The ancestor-worship of Chinese paganism has prepared the way for a reverent belief in the Communion of Saints: "so shall we all be united."

WHAT YOU WILL GIVE FOR CHRISTMAS.



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CIRCLES



"MARIE"

HAVE you ever seen *Marie*?

Baby Marie is a life-size talking doll who came all the way from the city of the Golden Gate to help the Maryknoll Sisters gather gold to build a much needed convent home—and incidentally to find a new home for herself with some little Maryknoll lover somewhere.

She had heard that God was inspiring so many souls with a longing to go to far-away Maryknoll Missions to help the "souls who know Him not" that the old convent walls were fairly bulging; but the vivid realization of this was brought home to her on her arrival at the Knoll. There was not so much as a vacant chair that she could occupy. When she is not in bed she is perforce enconced on the mantle shelf (and if real live *Maries* continue to arrive in such numbers as recently, they may also be put on the shelf).

So *Baby Marie*, now a Maryknoll apostle, is asking everyone she knows, and many whom she doesn't, to help the sisters by sending 5-cent checks to her in care of the Circle Director. She writes the names of these kind friends in a series of little books and promises, before her own ceremony

of departure in the near future, to choose her new home from among them. Each book represents forty "five-cent budgets" towards the new convent. Could you help *Baby Marie* to fill some of these with the names of possible future little mothers for herself and kind friends for her beloved Maryknoll Sisters? Write to the Circle Director for further particulars in solving the housing problem for "*sweet Marie*."

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Circle, Westfield, Mass., offered its share in a gift of \$25 to the departing sisters, and promises an active campaign this winter. The members of this Circle are loyal workers, and have already done much for Maryknoll.

It is a pleasure again to thank the St. Laurence O'Toole Circle, of Brewster, N. Y., for their generous gifts to Maryknoll. A few weeks ago not only the Circle members but also their friends came to the "hill top." Cakes, fruit, candy, tins of coffee, and other good things accompanied these loyal friends of the Society. Their watchword is "Ever Ready To Help," and they are ever faithful to it.

The Sacred Heart Circle, of Yonkers, N. Y., arrived at Maryknoll a few weeks ago with a large box of beautifully made altar linens. This is not the first box we have received from these splendid workers, as testify our missionaries in China and the chapel in the Seminary. We know that it takes both time and patience to complete a set of altar linens, and we are deeply grateful to all who do this needed work for Maryknoll.

Our old and true friends of St. Teresa's Circle, Tarrytown, N. Y., have been busy as usual. This time they took under their wing the six Maryknoll Sisters who went to China. The offering made by the members to our sisters was close to \$500, to say nothing of all

the prayers and good wishes that accompanied them on their way. Big plans are being made by St. Teresa's Circle for much active work and we feel that all their plans will mature. They are generous and we are grateful.

"WHATEVER you do in My Name, you do unto Me."

How often do the above words of Our Saviour come to us when we hear of the Maryknoll Mission Circles, the splendid work that they are doing and the encouragement the members are giving, not only to each other and all our readers, but to the missionaries far off in foreign fields who know that prayers are offered for them daily, that sacrifices are being made to help them financially, and that willing hands and big hearts are ever ready to do all they can to "keep them smiling." It is always good to remember that the best thing we can do for our missionaries, both priests and sisters, is to "keep them smiling." To our various Circle members that have done so much for us at Maryknoll and on the missions, we repeat the assurance of our grateful appreciation—"We thank you."

The days are more quiet now at the Knoll, but the memory of the pleasant visits from our Circle members during the summer is still with us, and we miss the laughing groups with their snapping cameras. One of the "big days" at Maryknoll was the visit from the Friendly Helpers of New York City, about ninety in all, who arrived in two large sight-seeing busses. They waxed most enthusiastic over all the points of interest at Maryknoll and were generous in their appreciation of the work,—many subscriptions to *THE FIELD AFAR* being taken and the sisters receiving the splendid gift of about \$250. It was a jolly day for all, and the Friendly Helpers may be assured of another warm welcome upon their next visit to Maryknoll.

READ OUR MARYKNOLL BOOK LIST

Last Chance—Some Maryknoll Best Sellers

Below is an unusual offer, which must "look good" to the book buyer, whether the purchase be for his own private library, as gifts, or for distribution in schools as premiums. This offer proved appealing in the spring, and we are glad to repeat it for a limited time now.

All Maryknoll books are sold at an unusually low price, but, anxious to spread the foreign mission spirit, we will for a limited time dispose of those listed below at a special rate, as follows:

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT (\$2.50) and any ONE \$1.00 BOOK, for.....	\$3.00
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any TWO \$1.00 BOOKS, for.....	3.50
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any THREE \$1.00 BOOKS, for.....	4.25
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any FOUR \$1.00 BOOKS, for.....	5.00
ALL FOUR \$1.00 BOOKS, in one order, for.....	3.00

Read the tributes below and make your selection. This Special Offer holds good until Nov. 15 only.

Observations In The Orient

An Account of a Journey to Catholic Mission-Fields in the Far East. By the V. Rev. James A. Walsh, Superior of Maryknoll.

"Never before has the mission field in the Far East been so vividly portrayed as is done in these pages. The author is a keen and alert observer. Nothing escapes him. Besides, he knows how to tell what he sees and hears. He has the happy art of making the printed word almost vocal. He writes as he speaks, graphically, brightly, goodhumoredly. There is no dull paragraph in his book. Something is doing on every page—things noble, things graphic, things pleasant. Moreover, he writes in a strain that should command respect and sympathetic co-operation with the great work to which Maryknoll at home and in the vast field afar is devoted."—*The Ecclesiastical Review*.

320 pp. text. 80 pp. illustrations. Bound in red cloth, stamped in gold and black.

Regular Price, \$2.50

For the Faith

The story of Just de Bretenieres, of the Paris Seminary, martyred in Korea in 1866.

"As interesting as any romance. . . . This simple readable life is worth perusal by every Catholic and will be an incentive to every one to do something for the foreign missions."—*Brooklyn Tablet*.

"This book is charming, so charming that, once opened, it is a sacrifice to the reader to put it down until every page has been read, every one of its sixteen illustrations closely scanned. And just, the martyr-hero of the story—we shall say only that he was an attractive boy before he became the earnest self-sacrificing priest and zealous missionary whose young life ended in glorious martyrdom at the early age of twenty-eight."

—*Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*.

180 pp. 16 illustrations. Bound in tan cloth, with attractive cover design in sepia and gold.

Regular Price, \$1.00 Postpaid

A Modern Martyr

Life and Letters of Blessed Theophane Vénard, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, beheaded in Tongking in 1861.

"He was an eminently tender and dutiful son; a most devoted and loving brother; an equally devoted and attached friend. Neither did he consider these warm affections incompatible with the great work to which he had given his life. . . . Yet all this strong human love did not prevent him sacrificing everything to God; leaving the home he loved so fondly, the sister he idolized, the family tie which bound him with what others might have considered iron links—everything, in fact, which made life dear—when the voice of the Master called him to go forth from his people and his country, into a strange and distant land, to preach His word and do His work and save the souls for whom He died upon the Cross. This is the striking characteristic of the life before us—human love, surpassing all ordinary home affections, willingly and joyfully offered on the altar of Our Lord for the salvation of the heathen who knew Him not."—*Lady Herbert*.

241 pp. 15 illustrations. Red cloth binding.

Regular Price, \$1.00

The Martyr of Futuna

Bl. Peter Chanel, S.M., martyred in Oceania in 1839.

"His work among the natives of Futuna covered the short period of three years and a few months, still his endurance of hardships of all kinds, his universal charity, and his joy at the thought of dying for Christ, were the marks of a true apostle. Although our martyr's days were cut short before he could behold the fruits of his toil, it cannot be said of him that he fretted his hour on life's stage and then was heard of no more, for the closing chapter . . . once more assures us that the martyr's blood is the seed of Christians. A copy of this book in the hands of those interested in the missions may mean an increased number of vocations—the fields are still white with the harvest and the laborers are few. Catholic libraries especially should not fail to procure this life-story of a nineteenth-century martyr."—*America*.

210 pp. 16 illustrations. Green cloth, stamped in gold.

Regular Price, \$1.00

An American Missionary

The adventures and labors of Rev. William Judge, S.J., in Alaska. A book of especial interest to boys.

"A book of this kind will prove a most effective pleader for the cause of foreign missions. It tells of a Jesuit of to-day, full of the spirit of St. Francis Xavier, gladly giving up his life as a sacrifice for souls in far-away Alaska. Nothing seems to daunt the soul of this zealous apostle. He loses the trail on a long sledge journey and trudges along up to his waist in snow; he camps out in a lonely hut with the thermometer registering fifty below zero; he makes frequent trips of hundreds of miles, visiting the sick, baptizing the dying, teaching catechism to the little ones, combating the superstition of the Indian Medicine Man, eating the most unpalatable food, and suffering untold hardships; yet through it all he is ever bright, cheerful and hopeful."

"Many careless Catholics were won back to the practice of their religion, and many non-Catholics learned to love the Church in first loving her saintly and untiring apostle."

"Any priest who wishes to foster vocations in his parish would do well to present this book to some of his boys."

—*The Catholic World*.

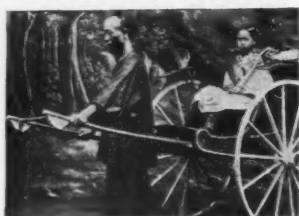
293 pp. 16 illustrations. Olive cloth, stamped in green.

Regular Price, \$1.00

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Thanksgiving.



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TOTAL OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS 8,648

GIFTS IN KIND.

Chalices; missal; altar stone; altar linens; books; rosaries and medals; books for our Japanese children; suitcase; fountain pen; candlesticks; kodak supplies; typewriter; breviary; records; toothpaste; household linens; socks; handkerchiefs; old gold and jewelry from Id., Wash., Okla., N. J., O., Pa., Conn., R. I.

CURRENT APPEALS.

Seminary Foundation (Reserved for priests)	\$ 9,782.54
Stones in Seminary Wall	13,098.68
Memorial Rooms in New Seminary	9,540.25
Bricks in Venard College Wall	5,531.32
Outfit and Passage of Missioners	6,128.12

GOD so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son to be a Victim for the Redemption of men.

Gratitude for this sublime Gift inspires American Catholics to share in Maryknoll's work

They seek no other thanks than the consciousness of making some return on a debt of Infinite Love.

We realize, moreover, how inadequate are our "appreciations." At the same time we wish to acknowledge gratefully the following notable contributions of the month:

From friends in New York City for burses, \$2,000 and \$1,900; from a reverend benefactor in Malden, Mass., \$1,783.13 to complete the Cheverus Centennial School Burse; and from Richmond, Virginia, \$100; for student-aid, from Duluth, \$400, and from New York City, \$250; for Memorial Rooms in the new Seminary, two \$500 offerings from Brooklyn and one from Ossining; an annuity of \$140 from Greenfield, Mass.; and \$100 from Mt. Carmel, Pa.

Several contributors were eager to speed the parting missionaries, as is evident from the following Departure gifts:

From New York City	\$1,102.00
From New York City	500.00
From Massachusetts	500.00
From Paris (France)	500.00
From Bayonne, N. J.	100.00
From Atlantic City N. J.	100.00

The following Stringless Gifts helped to decrease the month's debts:

Brooklyn	\$1,000.00
New York City	336.00
Pittsfield, Mass.	317.00
Chicago, Ill.	101.00
New Britain, Conn.	100.00
Pawtucket, Mass.	100.00
Quincy, Mass.	100.00
Wakefield, Mass.	100.00

Students of St. Francis Xavier Academy, Carroll St., Brooklyn, sent \$50 to enroll the members of their class as Perpetual Associates.

Don't be too hard on us if our office slips up occasionally—or delays a day or two. We opened 4682 letters last month.

STUDENT BURSES.

A Burse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest always to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to any five thousand dollar burses in the list below.

SEMINARY BURSES—Complete.

Father B. Burse	\$16,273.31
C. W. B. L. Burse	6,065.50
Holy Trinity Burse	6,000.00
John L. Boland Burse	6,000.00
Bishop Cusack Memorial Burse	
Albany Diocese	6,000.00
St. Columba Burse	6,000.00
Mother Catherine Spalding Burse	6,000.00
Bl. Julia Billiat Burse	5,587.31
St. Stephen Burse	5,453.00
Abp. John J. Williams Burse	5,279.21
Sacred Heart Burse, No. II	5,146.63
Holy Ghost Burse	5,146.10
St. Teresa Burse	5,142.27
St. Joseph Burse	5,103.63
St. Vincent de Paul Burse	5,066.76
Our Lady of Mercy Burse	5,046.00
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,002.00
Cardinal Farley Burse	5,000.00
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.00
St. Willibrord Burse	5,000.00
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000.00
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.00
Mary, Queen of Apostles Burse	5,000.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.00
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse	5,000.00
St. Charles Borromeo Burse	5,000.00
St. Thomas the Apostle Burse	5,000.00
St. Catherine of Sienna Burse	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, I.	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, II.	5,000.00
Fall River Diocese Burse	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Burse, I.	5,000.00
Thanksgiving Burse, II.	5,000.00
Annuitant's Memorial Burse	5,000.00
Rev. John J. Cullen Memorial Burse	5,000.00
Anonymous Burse	5,000.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse	5,000.00
Mother Theodore Guerin Burse	5,000.00
Mackay Memorial Burse	5,000.00
Rev. Thomas F. Price Memorial Burse	5,000.00
Manhattanville Alumnae Association Burse	5,000.00
James and Catherine Meehan Burse	5,000.00
Thomas T. Farley Memorial Burse	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Burse, I.	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Burse, II.	5,000.00
Rev. Patr. H. Billings Burse, III.	5,000.00
Our Lady, Help of Christians, Burse	5,000.00
Our Sunday Visitor Burse	5,000.00
Osburn and Kane Memorial Burse	5,000.00
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	5,000.00
Cleveland Diocese Burse, I.	5,000.00
Cleveland Diocese Burse, II.	5,000.00
Cleveland Diocese Burse, III.	5,000.00
Cleveland Diocese Burse, IIII.	5,000.00

The name of your patron saint, your diocese, your school, your founder, your society—where is it on the list below?

SEMINARY BURSES—Incomplete.

Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse	\$4,681.59
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse	4,252.34
Holy Souls Burse (Reserved)	4,000.00
Anonymous Diocese Burse	4,000.00
All Souls Burse	3,970.71
St. Francis of Assisi Burse	3,921.50
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	3,500.00
Cure of Ars Burse	3,482.35
St. Patrick Burse	3,447.13
Immaculate Heart of Mary Burse (Reserved)	3,389.88
The Most Precious Blood Burse	3,166.16
St. Anne Burse	3,024.00
Margaret Agnes Ellis Memorial Burse	3,000.00

YOU CAN TALK FOR US — IF YOU WILL —

Holy Eucharist Burse.....	2,929.50
Bl. Madeline Sophie Barat Burse.....	2,834.75
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	2,750.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	2,353.37
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	12,068.89
Marywood College Burse.....	1,939.10
Mary Dunn Memorial Burse.....	1,900.00
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse.....	1,894.35
Trinity Wokanduit Burse.....	1,851.23
Holy Child Burse.....	1,755.14
Pius X Burse.....	1,722.25
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,646.97
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	1,597.34
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,173.48
Dunwoody Seminary Burse.....	1,391.91
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,347.26
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	1,206.20
Omnia per Mariam Burse.....	1,110.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse.....	1,083.33
College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse.....	1,000.00
Mother Seton Burse.....	992.00
St. John the Baptist Burse.....	947.33
St. John Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston, Burse.....	800.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	668.81
St. Lawrence Burse.....	640.25
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	584.90
St. Rita Burse.....	580.05
St. Michael Burse.....	548.75
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	423.28
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	420.01
Sr. Mary Pauline (Academy of St. Elizabeth) Burse.....	419.00
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	389.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	378.52
Holy Family Burse.....	322.00
College of St. Elizabeth Burse.....	300.00
St. La Salle Burse.....	240.85
Children of Mary Burse.....	230.25
St. Bridget Burse.....	216.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	206.40
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	174.16
All Saints Burse.....	135.28
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	126.50
The Holy Name Burse.....	123.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.
A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

VENARD BURSES—Complete.	
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	\$5,091.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, I.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, II.....	5,000.00
Rev. Jos. M. Gleeson Burse, III.....	5,000.00
E. J. and E. G. Connerton Burse.....	5,000.00
"Our Sunday Visitor" Burse.....	15,000.00

VENARD BURSES—Incomplete.	
St. Michael Burse (Reserved).....	\$4,000.00
Little Flower Burse.....	3,825.77
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served).....	3,500.00
Bl. Theophane Venard Burse.....	1,577.80

† On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

Among recent visitors to Maryknoll was Rev. Daniel W. Lenehan of Malden, Mass. In proof of his interest in the work of our Seminary, he left with us a check for nearly eighteen hundred dollars. This amount completes the burse which bears the name of the parish school over which Fr. Lenehan presides—the Cheverus Centennial School.

We are deeply grateful for this generous gift, particularly as it comes at a time when the reverend donor is engaged in his own parish in a work which demands a large expenditure of money.

The Cheverus Centennial School is the first to have a Maryknoll Burse to its credit. What other parochial school will emulate this example?

Sodality of Bl. Virgin Mary Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	604.50
"C" Burse, II.....	700.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	107.00

STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS.

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000, the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard.

MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID.

Fall River Diocese Fund.....	\$1,000.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund.....	164.98

VENARD STUDENT AID.

Venard Circles Fund, No. 1.....	\$1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 2.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 3.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 4.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 5.....	790.88

SPECIAL FUNDS.

The Funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

Maryknoll Propaganda Fund.....	\$5,000.00
Our Daily Bread Fund.....	1,381.08
Altar Wine Fund.....	202.00
Sanctuary Candle Fund.....	264.00
Sanctuary Oil Fund.....	233.55

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family) whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the uncompleted burse and funds in the list below are invited.

NATIVE CLERGY BURSES.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	\$1,500.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	601.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse (Re- served).....	500.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	295.00

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Fund, I.....	\$4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, II.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, III.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, IV.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, V.....	4,000.00
Yungkong Fund, I.....	4,000.00
Yungkong Fund, II.....	1,181.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	1,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	546.60
Bl. Julia Billiard Fund.....	180.00

OTHER MISSION FUNDS.

Missioners' Books.....	\$442.00
Circles' Missioners' Support.....	378.75

MARYKNOLL MISSION GIFTS.

Babies.....	\$ 77.11
Orphanage.....	15.00
Catechists.....	355.00
Missioners' Needs.....	255.00
"Stringless".....	818.00

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Total area.....	4,450,000
"Sold" to date.....	3,077,676
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VENARD LAND.

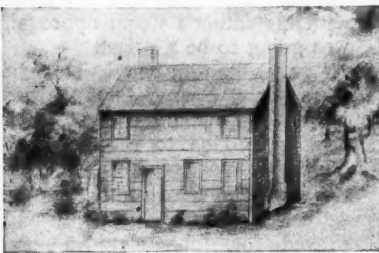
This land is being "sold" at one-half-a-cent a foot.

Total area.....	6,000,000
"Sold" to date.....	1,521,558
Yours to secure—for The Venard.....	4,478,442

Special cards are designed for those who would "purchase" land at Maryknoll or The Venard. Send for one of each.



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ST. MARY'S CONVENT, 1850.



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Gustave's Choice.

By D. A. Russell.

MRS. MARTHA SPANG was quietly happy, as she sat in the front pew of St. Paul's Church on the day of her son's first Mass. She had long looked forward to this time, and her only regret now was that her husband, Otto, was not spared to witness it. He had always been a good man, and had brought with him to America the strong faith for which Metz Catholics had won a deserved reputation. She had seen his little business grow, and watched her two sons, John and Gustave, follow along the lines of their father's serious character. People had said it was foolish for an Irish girl to marry a stolid type like Otto Spang, but Martha had appreciated the sincerity and kindness of his attentions, and had never regretted her choice.

"If God had only spared him to see John on the altar," she murmured to herself, as her mind naturally recalled the unfolding incidents of the past years. Clearly stood out that day when John, even as a boy a unique combination of Irish vivacity and German thoroughness, graduated with honors from the Catholic High School. Vivid came the memory of the meeting afterward with good Father Dolan of St. Paul's, who took the opportunity, then and there, to suggest that John go to college. His paternal joy knew no bounds on learning that it was already determined, and that John, with his father's warm approval, was going to be a priest.

"It has been my conviction right along, Mrs. Spang," said Father Dolan. "You know we old men owe it to God to see that our places are not left vacant, when the inevitable day comes to ourselves. I have watched and prayed for John many a day. Thank God, I have had many co-operators."

"But he wants to go away from us, Father Dolan," said Mrs.

Spang. "He has his mind on the foreign missions."

"God be praised, Mrs. Spang! 'Tis a wonderful call that has come to us. Just to think of it, you will be the mother of an apostle like the Mother of the first John! Faith, I am jealous of my own little share, for John is partly my training as well." And he put his kindly old hand on John's head, exclaiming, "God bless you, my boy, God strengthen your purpose." All this seemed so recent to her as the failing voice of the old pastor seemed to take on new vigor, and his face lighten up with unfeigned sentiment as he talked to his people that morning of the significance of the events transpiring.

"Every priest owes it to God and the Church to have young priests come after him. Like our good patron, St. Paul, we must raise up our Timothys, or our work is only half done. But when, in addition, God has so answered our prayers that out of our midst the Holy Ghost has chosen a very apostle, I feel that I can face my God with confidence, for He has showered a veritable blessing on us all this day, on the young apostle himself, on his sacrificing mother, on this parish and, I trust, upon myself, as well."

These words found a general response in good Father Dolan's congregation. A few, of course, could not understand why John Spang could thus leave his widowed mother, and had so expressed themselves with glib finality to Mrs. Spang herself. But she recalled similar utterances from them during the war draft, their haste to discover what were essential industries and what ailments were causes for exemption, the ugly rumors in which their names had been associated with social pressure and political influence. "Many a mother lost her son in the war," Mrs. Spang would quietly reply, "why should I begrudge mine to Christ's con-

flict?" It was her unvarying answer to their multiform sympathies, and she felt the double thrust would do their selfish souls good.

The days of Father John's homecoming passed too quickly and the final parting could not be longer delayed. John bore up with the spirit of a soldier for his mother's sake, and Gustave, the younger



FATHER JOHN'S SEXTON.

brother, did the same to be like John. Brave little Mrs. Spang held back her tears not to make Father John's parting harder, and because Father Dolan had told them in Sodality that tradition said the Sorrowful Mother never wept even at the foot of the Cross.

Father John returned to the Seminary, took a few more days in preparation for departure, and then boarded the French Liner *La Savoie* for the journey to the African West Coast. His assignment was not, humanly speaking, a desirable one. The African Mission was a severe one

in any case, but the West Coast was the hardest of all. "White Man's Grave," it was named in missionary circles, and it had deserved the title. Bishops, priests and nuns had been found to volunteer, but the deadly fevers knew no distinction, and two years and a half had been the average service; and then a new fresh face, with new courage and fresh hope, set out for the task.

On Father John's trip five other young priests were with him, two lay brothers and ten sisters for various posts in the Mission, all young, vigorous, full of supernatural hope and visions of conquest for Christ. The voyage passed without significant incident, though each one tried to fill his diary with something, and to make the several letters to be posted back home replete with little happenings that would interest the families and confreres they had left behind.

In less than a month, Father John was at Elmina, his missionary headquarters, had made his acquaintance with Monsignor van Denbem, the Vicar-Apostolic, and was assigned as an instructor in carpentering, of which he had acquired a fair knowledge. At the same time he could study the native dialect for assignment in the interior. One year passed quickly enough, experience came, the souls of his pupils opened up to him as he learned their native tongue, and he found himself anxious for the wider duties of the less developed hinterland. Nor was his anxiety to go on greater than the need for his presence. The Vicar-Apostolic was planning to bring him along on the next visitation, ready to establish him with Father Banks, now two years alone in his mission and unequal to the full responsibilities of his district.

Letters passed regularly between him and the Seminary, his home, and the friends who remembered and who would share in some little measure, by their sacri-

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fices for the cause, the high lead of their boyhood companion. He wrote of unusual or humorous combinations in the lives of these primitive people, and many a time old Father Dolan took his letter over to the Ninth Grade, and had Sister Athanasia read it to the pupils, and then make them write a composition from the details. "It makes a first-class lesson in English," he would whisper to Sister, "and it will raise up their souls as well."

One day the stamp was the same on Father Dolan's letter, but the handwriting was strange and Father Dolan opened it with misgivings. His practiced judgment, after years in the confessional, had sensed a change in Father John's correspondence, and he felt without realizing it that some crisis was at hand. And truly it was so. To Father Dolan was allotted the frequent task of the priest—to convey to a sorrowing family the last details of an absent son's death.

He braced himself for the task, for the blow was a great one, even to himself. What would it be to the mother? She had given her son willingly, but doubtless with always the hope that he would be the exception, who would survive the inevitable fever test. And now all was over, except the inescapable burden of bringing the news to her. He would go right away. It was just two o'clock and he could walk back with her to the Church for her daily Stations at three, and give her over to Christ's comfort, for he knew his own words must fail him.

Down street he went with a heavy heart and wishing in very truth that someone else had the task allotted to him. "But it must be done, it must be done, and surely no one else should do it but myself, 'tis clear." And thus he turned it over and over, as he approached the Spang homestead. Harder still it seemed it would be, when the door opened and the little

widow stood there to receive him. "What makes you so serious, Father Stephen?" she asked at once. "You don't look yourself today."

His voice trembled with the answer he knew he must give her. "Have you heard from Father John lately?" asked Father Dolan.

"Not recently," said Mrs. Spang. "Is anything wrong with him?" she asked with a mother's instinct.

"I fear God has taken him," he blurted out, with no tact after all his planning.

"God be praised that he has obtained his crown! I prayed daily for his perseverance, for I knew the task was a heavy one. It is sad for the work that he could not last longer, but God knows best for his own Church."

* * *

The parish heard the news the following Sunday, and Father Dolan had a solemn requiem for the repose of his soul. Everyone looked for a decline in Mrs. Spang's health, but the only change was, that she lingered a little longer after Mass each morning and was noticed oftener praying at the Pieta in the rear of the church.

Gustave, the remaining boy, had meanwhile done well. His father's small business grew with the growing neighborhood, and everyone had confidence in his honorable dealings. His business philosophy was: small profits and satisfied customers make lasting trade.

One day his mother thought she observed a more serious demeanor. What could be wrong, she thought—was business slipping? She would wait for the supper to be finished without questioning, satisfied that Gustave would tell all at the proper time. Nor was she disappointed. "Mother," he suddenly asked, "what do you think of selling the business?"

"You are the best judge of that, Gustave. What do you think yourself?"

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* * *

Mrs. Martha Spang lingered still longer after Mass mornings. She was found still oftener at the foot of the Pieta. Her countenance seemed always so peaceful, no one dared to offer her sympathy. It seemed out of keeping with her quiet happiness. Only Father Dolan once thought to give her a word of courage, and she looked at him so simply. "Father, my prayers are answered. Ever since John died, I have said the Stations daily that God would give Gustave the courage. Who better could fill up the breach in the ramparts of God?"

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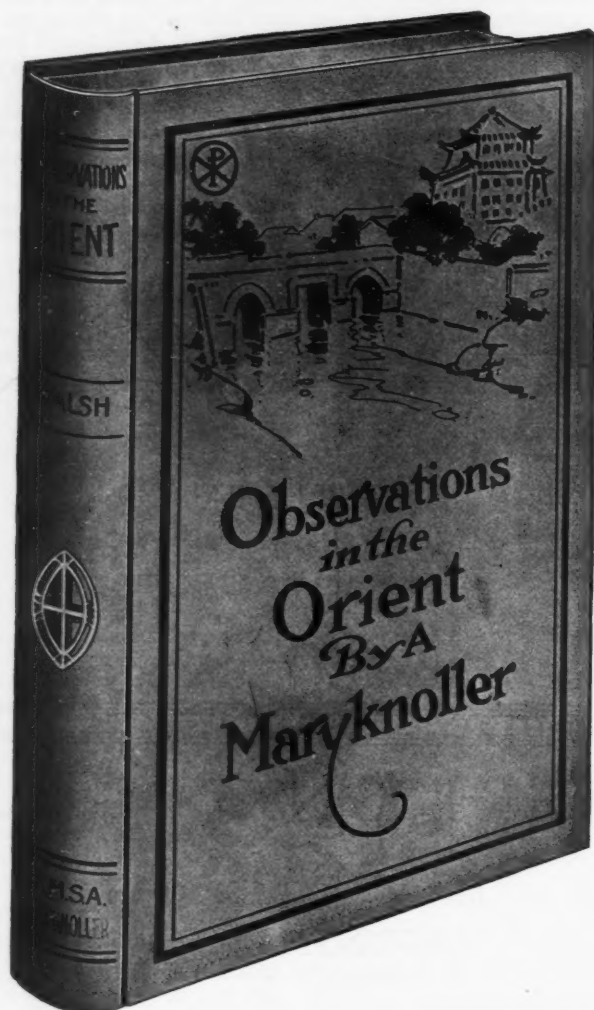
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